

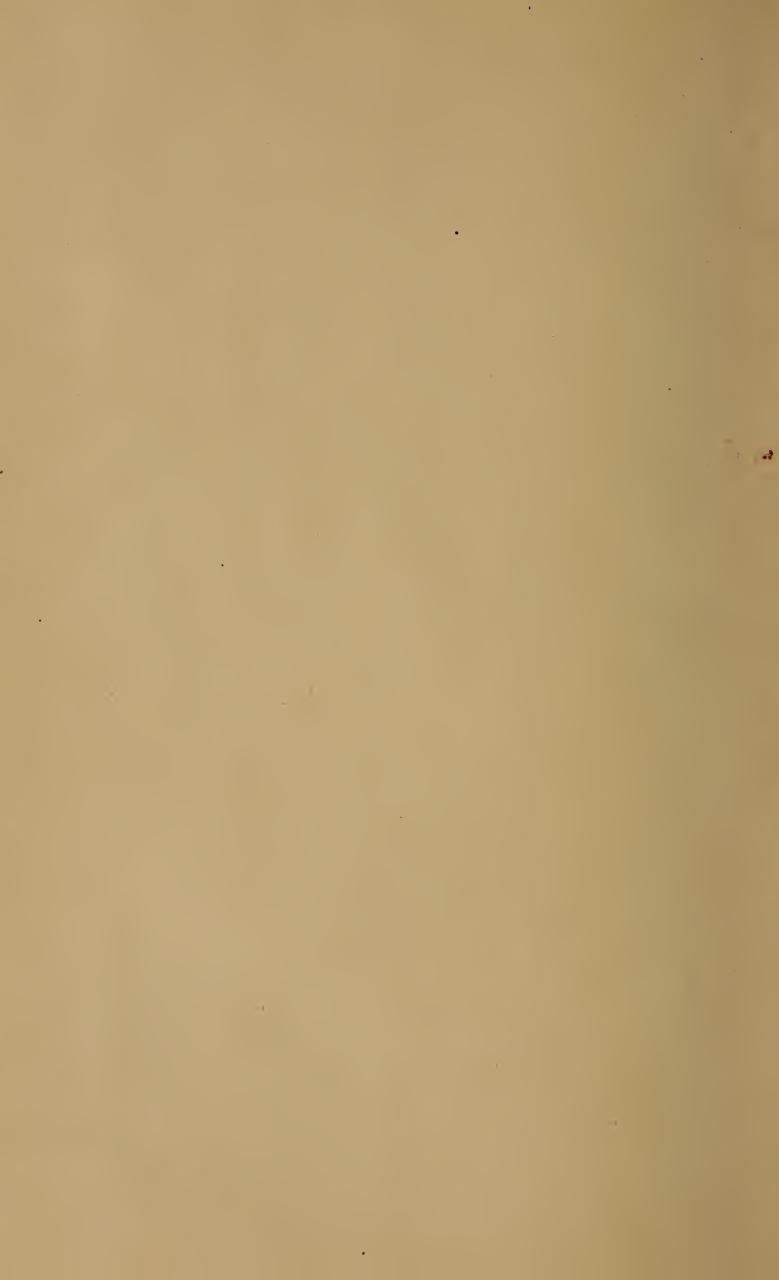
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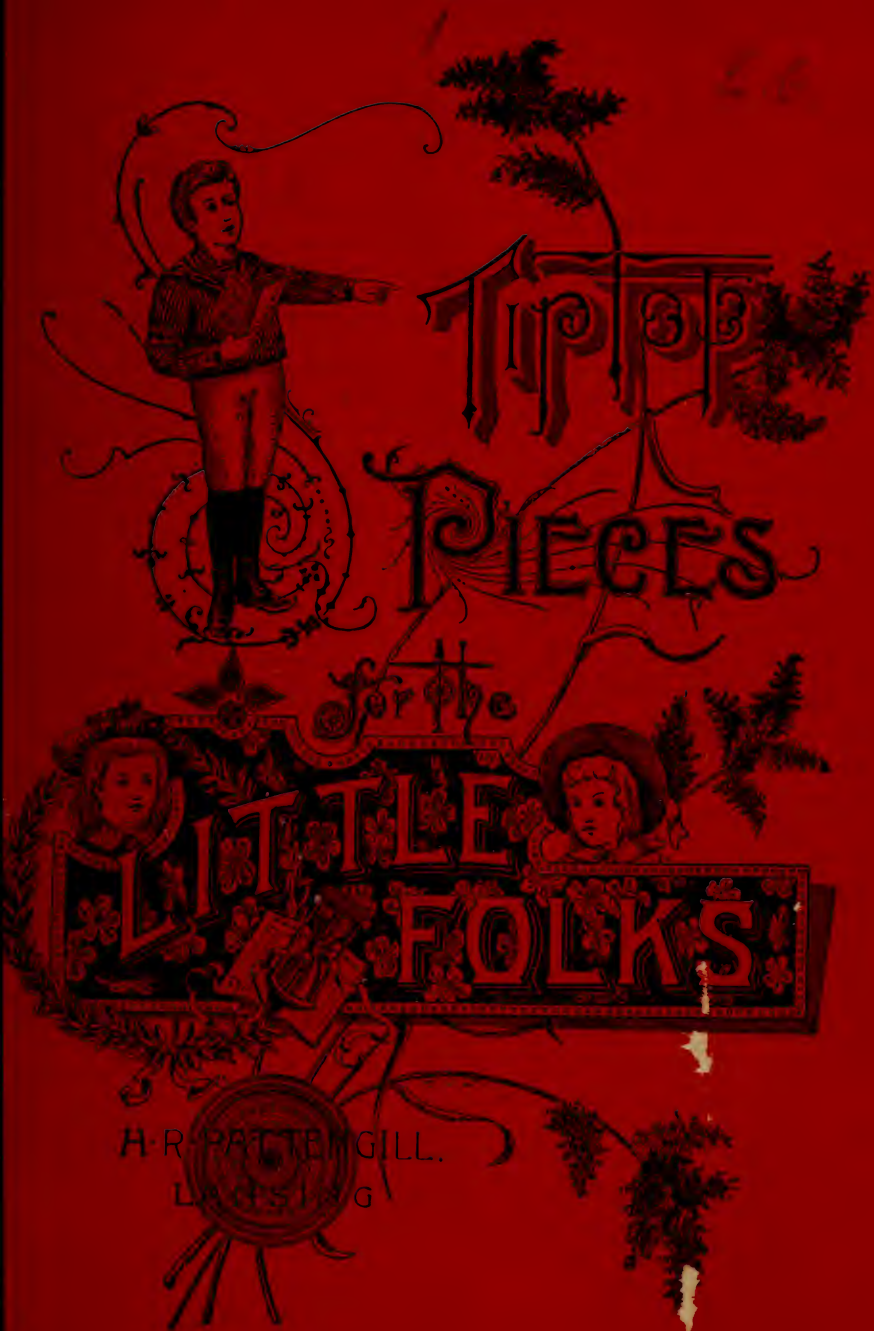
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The Michigan School Moderator.

Official Organ of the State Department of Public Instruction,

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THE MICHIGAN SCHOOLMASTERS' CLUB,
CITY SUPERINTENDENTS' ASSOCIATION,
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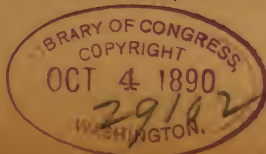
Day School, Sunday School, or Home
Entertainments.

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Editor Michigan School Moderator, author of Civil Government
of Michigan, Manual of Orthography, Michigan
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LANSING, MICH.,
H. R. PATTENGILL, PUBLISHER.



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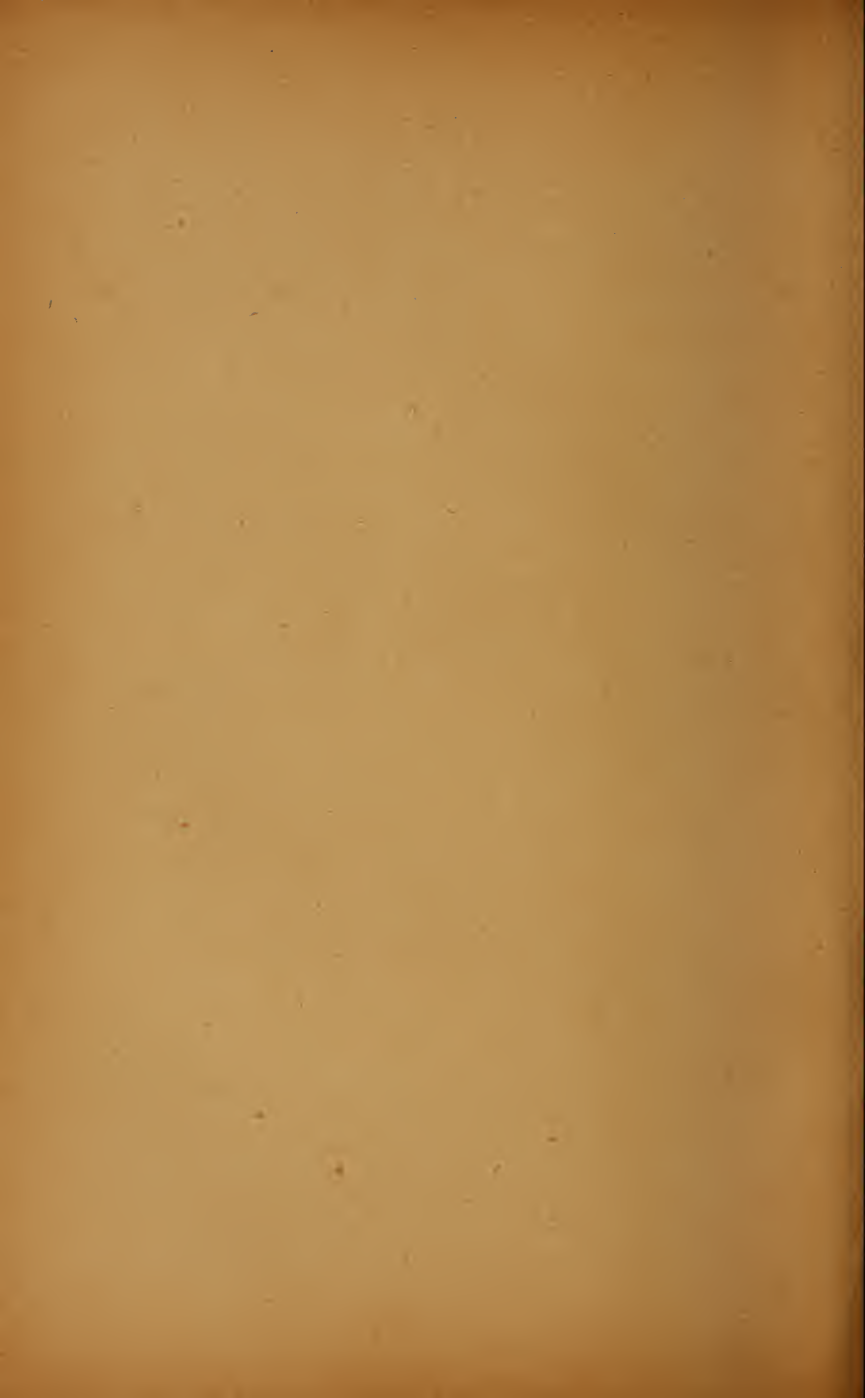
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TIP TOP PIECES FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

The Boy to the Schoolmaster.

You've quizzed me often and puzzled me long,
You've asked me to cipher and spell,
You've called me a dunce if I answered you wrong,
Or a dolt if I failed to tell
Just when to say lie and when to say lay,
Or what nine sevens may make.
Or the longitude of Kamschatka Bay,
Or the I-forget-what's its name lake;
So I think it's about my turn, I do,
To ask a question or so of you.

The schoolmaster grim, he opened his eyes,
But said not a word for sheer surprise.

Can you tell what "phen-dubs" means? I can.

Can you say all off by heart
The "onery twoery ickery ann,"
Or tell "alleys" and "commons" apart?
Can you fling a top, I would like to know,
Till it hums like a bumble-bee?

Can you make a kite yourself that will go
'Most as high as the eye can see,
Till it sails and soars like a hawk on the wing
And the little birds come and light on its string?

The school-master looked, oh! very demure,
But his mouth was twitching, I'm almost sure.

Can you tell where the nest of the oriole swings,
Or the color its eggs may be?
Do you know the time when the squirrel brings
Its young from their nest in the trees?
Can you tell when the chestnuts are ready to drop,
Or where the best hazel-nuts grow?
Can you climb a high tree to the very tip-top,
Then gaze without trembling below?
Can you swim and dive, can you jump and run,
Or do anything else we boys call fun?

The master's voice trembled as he replied :
" You are right, my lad, I'm the dunce," he sighed.

Troubles.

There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did we not rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we but willing to furnish the wings;
So sadly intruding,
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of terrible things.

December.

December, oh, December dear,
We know your laughing face,
And who that jolly fellow is
Who drives at such a pace.

The prancing deer, the jingling bells,
The sleigh with toys heaped high,
Proclaim to every child on earth
That dear St. Nick is nigh.

—*L. B. C. in the Nursery.*

I'll be a Man.

I'm but a little fellow now,
Between three feet and four,
But if I keep growing fast,
I'll soon be three feet more.

A tippler I will *never* be,
No drop my lips will pass,
I'll sign the true teetotal pledge,
And keep it to the last.

With knowledge I must store my mind,
For though I'm e'er so tall,
If I am rude and ignorant,
I shall be very small.

'Tis the Merry Christmas Time.

'Tis the Merry Christmas eve,
And our hearts are gay and light;

Ring the happy, happy chimes,
Santa Claus will come tonight !

Long ago, in Bethlehem,
Shepherds watched the night away;
Night of joy to waiting earth,
Christ was born on Christmas day.

He brought peace, good-will to men;
So in merry Christmas rhyme,
Santa Claus brings children joys
At the happy Christmas time.

—*Straub's Christmas Cantata.*

Christmas Eve.

One hour in all the year is sweet,
And passing sweet the rest beside;
When loving friends, long parted, meet,
And hearts with wealth of welcome beat,
At Christmas tide.

Dear Christmas eve ! when love is strong,
And strife and falsehood pass away,
And kindly actions round us throng,
And memories of ancient wrong
Die out for aye.

And yet in this wide world I know
There must be always some who grieve,
Who all unloved, unloving go,
Or sit enthroned amid their woe,
On Christmas eve.

God grant to hearts thus overcast
Such love and joy as we receive,
That, free from spectres of the past,
They, too, may find sweet peace at last,
On Christmas eve.

A Dear Little School-Ma'am.

With her funny little glasses you'd have thought her very wise
If it wasn't for the laughter that was peeping from her eyes;
Just the queerest and the dearest little school-ma'am ever known,
Whose way of teaching boys and girls was certainly her own.

"I give my brightest pupil," in a pleasant tone she said,
"A little corner by himself to show that he is head,
And, to spare the tender feelings of the dullest boy, I put
All the others in a circle so you can't tell which is foot.

"Whenever any pupil in the lessons doesn't miss,
I encourage his endeavors with a penny sugar-kiss;
And, since this slight upon the rest might too severely fall,
I take the box of kisses and I hand 'em round to all.

"I've asked them what they'd like to be a dozen times or more,
And each, I find, intends when grown to keep a candy store;
So, thinking that they ought to have some knowledge of their
trade,

I've put a little store in, just to show them how it's made.

"Enthusiastic? Bless you, it's wonderful to see
How interested in such things a little child can be;
And, from their tempting taffy and their luscious lollipops,
I'm sure they'll do me credit when they come to open shops."

And, with a nod that plainly showed how free she was from
doubt,
She deftly smoothed the wrinkles of her snowy apron out—
Just the queerest and the dearest little school-ma'am ever
known,
Whose way of teaching boys and girls was really her own!
—*St. Nicholas.*

Trust.

Build a little fence of trust
Around to-day;
Fill the space with loving work,
And therein stay.
Look out from the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow;
God will give you grace to bear whate'er may come
Of joy or sorrow.

Concert Recitation—"Little Housekeepers."

[By Several Girls.]

Busy and happy young housewives are we;
Not very big specimens—that you can see—
But we've just the same housework of all kinds to do
That the big, grown-up housekeepers have to go through.
Since Monday is wash-day, all the world round,
At the wash-tub on Monday, we're sure to be found.

We rub Dolly's clothes till they're pure as the snow, (1)
Then we rinse them, and wring them, and hang them up
so. (2)

On Tuesday the ironing has to be done,
So we sprinkle and fold (3)—that's the part that is fun !
And we smooth out the wrinkles with our irons thus, you
see,
Rubbing backward and forward, till they're smooth as can
be. (4.)

On Wednesday we bake—and oh! 'tis such fun
To knead the soft dough—this is how it is done. (5)
For our cakes, we must have just the finest of dust,
Then our pies—this is how we roll out the crust. (6)

On Thursday there's nothing especial to do,
So we do odds and ends—darn stockings or sew, (7)
But on Friday, with brooms we make the dust fly
As we sweep the house o'er, where'er dirt we espy. (8)

And at last, when Saturday comes—oh dear ! dear !
We're busy as any grown folks ever were ;
We clean, and we scrub, and we brew and we bake, (9)
Then our week's work all done, Sunday rest we can take.

1. Make the motion of rubbing up and down, as on a wash-board in washing.

2. Make the motion of wringing clothes by hand, and then reaching up, to hang them on the line.

3. Motion sprinkling.

4. Using the right hand, move smoothly left and right, left and right, etc.

5. Move alternately the double fists up and down as in kneading dough.

6. Use both hands, making a smoothing motion.

7. Motion of sticking a needle in and out.

8. Holding the hands as though holding a broom, making a sweeping motion.

9. Count off with the right hand, on the fingers of the left, each item.

—From the Kindergarten, by Miss Emily Huntington.

The Farmer.

[For Several Boys.]

This is the way the happy farmer (1)
Plows his piece of ground,
That from the little seeds he sows
A large crop may abound.

This is the way he sows his seed, (2)
Dropping with careful hand,
In all the furrows well prepared
Upon the fertile land.

This is the way he cuts the grain (3)
When bending with its weight,
And thus he bundles it in sheaves, (4)
Working long and late.
And then the grain he threshes thus, (5)
And stores away to keep;
And thus he stands contentedly (6)
And views the plenteous heap.

1. Arms extended forward as though holding a plow.
2. A motion as of taking seed out of a bag or basket, and scattering with the right hand.
3. Motion as of cutting with a scythe.
4. Arms curved and extending forward.
5. Hands as though grasping a flail. Strike with some force.
6. Erect position, arms folded, or hands on the hips.

Getting Acquainted.

I got acquainted very quick
With Teddy Brown, when he
Moved in the house across the street,
The nearest one you see.

I climbed and sat upon a post
To look, and so did he;
I stared and stared across at him
And he stared back at me.

I s'posed he wanted me to speak.
I thought I'd try and see—
I said, "Hello!" to Teddy Brown;
He said, "Hello!" to me.

—*Sydney Dayre, in St. Nicholas.*

Charlie's Opinion.

There's such comfort in a chisel
And such music in a file!
I wish that little pocket saws,
Would get to be the style!

My kite may fly up in a tree,
My sled be stuck in mud;
And all my hopes of digging wells
Be nipped off in the bud;

But with a little box of nails,
A gimlet and a screw,
I'm happier than any king;
I've work enough to do.

Christmas Time.

Do you know the olden story
Of the Star that led the way,
When the wise men sought the Infant,
That in Bethlehem's manger lay?

In the East it shone so brightly,
Then o'er Judah's hillside steep,
Where the shepherds lay in slumber
By their flocks of quiet sheep.

Have you heard how angel voices
Sang the sweet and solemn strain?
Glory in the Highest! Glory!
Peace on earth, good will to men!

Every year the wond'rous story
Thrills our spirits with delight,
And that star through all the ages
Makes the world's dark pathway bright,

Sinful lives grow purer, better
For the Babe so meek and mild,
For the children's Infant Saviour,
Who in Bethlehem's manger smiled.

To the parents, to the children
Comes the sweet, angelic strain,—
Glory in the Highest! Glory!
Peace on earth, good will to men!

—Mrs. F. Spangenberg.

The Honest Old Toad.

Oh, a queer little chap is the honest old toad,
A funny old fellow is he;
Living under the stone by the side of the road,
'Neath the shade of the old willow tree.
He is dressed all in brown from his toe to his crown,
Save his vest that is silvery white.

He takes a long nap in the heat of the day,
And walks in the cool dewy night,
 "Raup, yaup," says the frog,
 From his home in the bog,
But the toad he says never a word;
He tries to be good, like the children who should
Be seen, but never be heard.

When winter draws near, Mr. Toad goes to bed,
And sleeps just as sound as a top;
But when May blossoms follow soft April showers,
He comes out with a skip, jump, and hop;
He changes his dress only once, I confess,—
Every spring; and his old worn-out coat,
With trousers and waistcoat, he rolls in a ball,
And stuffs the whole thing down his throat.

 "K-rruk, k-rruk," says the frog,
 From his home in the bog;
But the toad he says never a word;
He tries to be good, like the children who should
Be seen, but never be heard.

Santa Claus.

BY JOHN H. YATES.

He comes in the night! He comes in the night!
He softly, silently comes;
When the little brown heads, on their pillows so white,
Are dreaming of bugles and drums;
He cuts through the snow, like a ship through the foam,
While the white flakes around him whirl;
Who tells him? I know not; he findeth the home
Of each good little boy and girl.

His sleigh is long, and deep, and wide;
It will carry a host of things;
While dozens of drums hang around, on the side,
With the sticks sticking under the strings;
And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,—
Not a bugle blast is blown.—
As he mounts to the chimney-tops like a bird
And pops down in like a stone.

The little red stockings he silently fills,
Till the stockings will hold no more;
The bright little sleds for the great snow hills
Are quickly let down to the floor;
Then Santa Claus mounts to the roof like a bird
And glides to his seat in the sleigh;
Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard,
As he noiselessly moves away.

He rides to the west; he rides to the east;
Of his goodies he touches not one;
He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas feast,
When the dear little folks are done.
Old Santa Claus doeth what good he can;
This beautiful mission is his;
Then, children, be good to the little old man
When you find, who the little man is.

—*American Teacher.*

That Dreadful Boy.

I'm looking for a dreadful boy
(Does anybody know him?)
Who's leading all the other boys
The way they shouldn't go in.

I think if I could find that boy,
I'd stop what he's a-doing—
A bringing all the other boys
To certain moral ruin.

There's Tommy Green, a growin' lad,
His mother does inform me,
The way that he is getting bad
Would certainly alarm me.
She feels the blame should rest upon
John Brown—a recent comer—
For Tommy was a lovely lad
A year ago this summer.

But when I spoke to Mrs. Brown
Her inmost soul was shaken,
To think that Mrs. Green could be
So very much mistaken.
She did assure me Johnny was
As good a child as any,
Except for learning naughty things
From Mrs. Whiting's Benny.

And Mrs. Whiting frets because
Of Mrs. Blackham's Freddy;
She fears he's taught young Benjamin
Some wicked tricks already.
Yet Fred is such an innocent
(I have it from his mother)
He wouldn't think of doing wrong,
Untempted by another.

O! when I think I've found the boy
Whose ways are so disgracin',
I always learn he's some one else,
And lives some other place in.

And if we cannot search him out
He will (most dreadful pity!)
Spoil all the boys who otherwise
Would ornament our city.

After a While.

There is a strange sweet solace in the thought
That all the woes we suffer here below
May, as a dark and hideous garment wrought
For us to wear whether we will or not,
Be cast aside with a relieving smile,
After a little while.

Only a little while this vale of tears
With moans and sighs shall hem our devious way,
Only a little while the grief that sears
And wrings and rends, shall gloat above its prey
And fade will likewise every hollow guile
After a little while.

What if we lose earth's pageants, fresh and fair—
The pride of morn, the sunset's gorgeous fields,
Love's leaping pulse and the unmeasured share
That nature's largess for the asking yields—
If death to brighter shores our souls exile
After a little while.

No mortal roaming but hath certain end;
Though far unto the ocean-spaces gray
We sail and sail, without a chart for friend,
Above the sky line, faint and far away,
There looms at last the one enchanted isle
After a little while.

Though over burning and inveterate sands,
To seek the river's mystic source, we strain,
With parching lips, scorched feet and blistered hands,
At last there rises one, the mountain chain
That folds the fountains of our spirit's Nile
After a little while.

Oh, when our cares come thronging thick and fast,
With more of anguish than the heart can bear,
Though friends desert, and, as the heedless blast,
Even love pass by us with a stony stare,
Let us withdraw into some ruined pile,
Or lonely forest aisle.

And contemplate the never ceasing change
Whereby the processes of God are wrought;
And from our petty lives our souls estrange,
Till, bathed in currents of exalted thought,
We feel, the rest that must our cares beguile
After a while !

Hum-um-um.

Said little brown Bee to big brown Bee :
" Oh hurry here and see, and see,
The loveliest rose—the loveliest rose
That in the garden grows, grows, grows.
Hum-um-um—hum-um-um,"
Said little brown Bee to big brown Bee.

Said little brown Bee to big brown Bee :
" Much honey must be here, and we
Should beg a portion while we may,

For soon more bees will come this way
 Hum-um-um—hum-um-um,”
 Said little brown Bee to big brown Bee.

Said big brown Bee to little brown Bee:
 “The rose is not for me, for me,
 Though she is lovelier by far
 Than many other flowers are.
 Hum-um-um—hum-um-um,”
 Said big brown Bee to little brown Bee.

Said big brown Bee to little brown Bee:
 “No honey-cup has she, has she,
 But many cups, all brimming over,
 Has yonder little purple clover,
 And that’s the flower for me, for me.
 Hum-um-um—hum-um-um,”
 Said big brown Bee to little brown Bee.

—*Margaret Eytinge in St. Nicholas for May.*

A Recipe.

’Pothecary, ’pothecary, living in the rose,
 Tell us how to make the scent that everybody knows.

“A penny’s worth of nectar; a dozen drops of dew;
 A little compound sunshine that’s slowly filtered through;
 A sun-glass made of diamond, and then—the mixing done—
 Set out a little flask of it to simmer in the sun.”

’Pothecary, ’pothecary, is there nothing more?
 ‘Yes, it taketh industry to make the summer’s store.
 So, my lad and lady, run off now and play;—
 This, like every day in June, is my busy day.”

—*Mary A. Lathbury, St. Nicholas.*

What are You Sowing.

Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom ;
Plant hate, and hate will grow ;
You can sow to-day—to-morrow will bring
The blossom that proves what sort of a thing
Is the seed—the seed that you sow.

—*Gems for Youth.*

Drink and Danger.

Write it on the liquor-store,
Write it on the prison door,
Write it on the gin-shop fine,
Write, oh, write this truthful line :
Where there's drink, there's danger.

Write it on the work-house gate,
Write it on the school-boy's slate,
Write it on the copy-book,
That the young may in it look :
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it on the church-yard mound,
Where the drink-slain dead are found ;
Write it on the gallows high,
Write it for all passers-by :
Where there's drink, there's danger.

Write it underneath your feet,
Write it on the busy street,
Write it for the great and small,
In the mansion, cot, or hall :
Where there's drink, there's danger.

Write it on our ships which sail,
Borne along by steam and gale ;
Write it in large letters, plain,
O'er our land and 'cross the main :
Where there's drink, there's danger.

Write it always in the home,
Write it where our drunkards roam
Year by year from good and right,
Proving with resistless might,
Where there's drink, there's danger.

Write it for the rising youth,
Write it for the cause of truth,
Write it for our fatherland,
Write —'tis Duty's stern command—
Where there's drink, there's danger.

Rulers of England in Rhyme.

First William the Norman,
Then William his son ;
Henry, Stephen and Henry,
Then Richard and John ;
Third Henry preceded
Edwards One, Two and Three ;
And again, after Richard,
Three Henrys we see,
Two Edwards, Third Richard,
Two Henrys, I guess ;
And, after Sixth Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess ;
Then Jamie, the Scotchman,
And Charles, whom they slew ;

And again, after Cromwell,
Another Charles too.
After Jamie the Second
Ascended the throne,
Good William and Mary
Together came on ;
Then Anne, Georges four,
And Fourth William all past,
Till God sent us Victoria,
May she long be the last!

Little Foxes and Little Hunters.

Recite. "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines."—Songs of Solomon, II, 15.

First.—Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox named—By-and-by.

Answer.—Then set upon him quick, I say,
The swift young hunter—Right-away.

Second.—Around each tender vine I plant,
I find the little fox—I can't.

Answer.—Then, fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with bold and brave—I can !

Third.—No-use-in-trying—lags and whines
This fox, among my tender vines.

Answer.—Then drive him low and drive him high,
With this good hunter named—I'll try.

Fourth.—Among the vines in my small lot,
Creeps in the young fox—I-forgot.

Answer.—Then hunt him out and to his den
With—I-will-not-forget-again !

Fifth.—The little fox that hidden there
Among my vines is—I-don't-care.

Answer.—Then let I'm-sorry—hunter true—
Chase him afar from vines and you.

The Five.—What mischief-making foxes ! yet
Among our vines they often get.

In concert.—But now their hunters' names you know,
Just drive them out, and keep them so.

A Cluster of Nevers.

[Compiled for THE MODERATOR by a teacher who has found them
helpful in school work.]

Never utter a word of slang,
Never shut the door with a bang.

Never say once that you “ don't care,”
Never exaggerate, never swear.

Never lose your temper, much,
Never a glass of liquor touch.

Never wickedly play the spy,
Never, O, never, tell a lie!

Never your parents disobey.
Never neglect at night to pray.

Remember these maxims
Through all the day,
And you will be happy
At work or at play.

The Two Ways.

Where two ways meet the children stand,
A fair broad road on either hand:
One leads to Right and one to Wrong,
So runs the song.

Which will you choose, each lass and lad ?
The right or left, the good or bad !
One leads to Right and one to Wrong,
So runs the song.

The Better Way.

“ ’Tis better to weave in the web of life,
A thread of golden filling,
And to do God’s will with a ready heart,
And with hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, slender threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.”

A Clever Maxim.

There is a clever maxim,
Which I would on you impress,—
Whether in joy or sorrow,
In pleasure or distress.
To keep your wits about you
And faithfully observe,
To look out for the engine
When it’s coming round the curve.

Should business cares oppress you,
And times seem hard and drear,
An honest heart and sunny smile
Will all your future cheer.
Put on the brakes, keep a sharp lookout,
The maxim well will serve,
If you blow your whistle lively,
When you're coming round the curve.

—*Little Poems.*

Lift a Little!

Lift a little ! Lift a little !
Neighbor, lend a helping hand
To that heavy laden brother,
Who for weakness scarce can stand.
What to thee, with thy strong muscle,
Seems a light and easy load,
Is to him a pond'rous burden,
Cumbering his pilgrim road.

Lift a little ! Lift a little !
Effort gives one added strength ;
That which staggers him when rising,
Thou canst hold at full arm's length.
Not his fault that he is feeble,
Not thy praise that thou art strong ;
It is God makes lives to differ,
Some from wailing, some from song.

Lift a little ! Lift a little !
Many they who need thine aid ;
Many lying on the roadside,
'Neath misfortune's dreary shade.

Pass not by, like Priest and Levite,
Heedless of thy fellow-man ;
But with heart and arms extended,
Be the Good Samaritan.

The Little Boy's Troubles.

[To be spoken by a boy nine or ten years old, showing his copy-book
as he speaks.]

I thought when I learned my letters
That all my troubles were done,
But I find myself much mistaken,
They only have just begun.
Learning to read was awful,
But not like learning to write ;
I'd be sorry to have you tell it,
But my copy-book is a sight !
The ink gets over my fingers ;
The pen cuts all sorts of shines,
And won't do at all as I bid it ;
The letters won't stay on the lines,
But go up and down and all over,
As though they were dancing a jig—
They are there in all shapes and sizes,
Medium, little and big.

The tails of the *g*'s are so contrary !
The handles get on the wrong side
Of the *d*'s and the *k*'s and the *h*'s,
Though I've certainly tried and tried
To make them just right. It is dreadful !
I don't know what to do ;
I'm getting *almost distracted*,
My teacher says *she* is too.

A Boy's Pocket.

Buckles, and buttons, and top,
And marbles and pieces of string,
A screw from a rusty old mop,
And scraps of a favorite sling.

Slate pencils and a part of a lock,
Some matches and kernels of corn,
The wheels of a discarded clock,
And remains of a mitten all torn.

A jack-knife or two, never sharp,
Some pieces of bright colored glass,
The rim of an ancient jewsharp,
Pens, fish-hooks and pieces of brass.

Old nails, "sweeties," chippings of tin,
With bits of a battered up locket,
All these, and much more, are within
The depths of a little boy's pocket.

—*Treasure Trove.*

The Umbrella Man.

I have not seen him for full a week—
His house—I know at the end of our street—
Where he keeps his ribs and noses and springs,
His sticks and wires and various things—
Bundles of leather and pieces of reed—
A curiosity shop indeed !
Umbrellas on their very last feet
Old and tattered and obsolete,
Laid up on the shelf forlorn indeed,
Under the weather and gone to seed.

Side by side, awaiting repair,
Stylish satin and skeleton bare.
Little respect is shown for style,
An umbrella's an "umbrel" all the while !
And always useful—whatever the mode—
I think the first umbrella "growed,"
For the model, nature herself has set
A toad-stool—did you ever think of it ?
Easy enough—don't shake your head !
Hymenomicites if you want to *spread* !
Of umbrella trees you've doubtless heard,
But then I'll tell you just a word,
The leaves about the branches furled
Just like an umbrella, for all the world.
The wise man's he who takes the hint
No counterfeit in nature's mint !
And then what's better she takes no fee,—
A very good thing for poets like me !
From umbrellas to trees—remark the dash—
We'll return, at least if you have the cash,
No credit system with the umbrella man.
He *isn't* a poet—sensible plan !
And then he's useful, no discount on that.
Winter or summer—you'll know that hat.
The umbrella man's no summer friend.
Here's to his health and long may he mend.

F. S. C.

Song of the Cooper.

Oh ! I am a Cooper,
No care do I know,
While round my nice barrels
So gaily I go.
Tic a tic tack, tic a tic tack, tic a tic tack, I go.

Oh ! light is my heart
As a bird on the wing,
While round my nice barrels
So gaily I sing.
Tic a tic tack, tic a tic tack, tic a tic tack, I go.

My work it is useful,
My work it is right ;
And so I keep pounding
From morning till night.
Tic a tic tack, tick a tic tack, I sing.

Come join in my labor,
Come join in my song,
And we will be merry
Through all the day long.
Tic a tic tack, tic a tick tack, all day long.

Dinner Time.

Tell me little housewife,
Toiling in the sun,
How many minutes
Till the pie is done?
Johnny builds the oven,
Katie rolls the crust,
Daisy finds the flour
All of golden dust.
Turn it so and roll it so,
What a dainty size!
All the plums are pebbles,
Hot mud pies!

Don't you see the blue bird
High up in the air?
Good morning, little ones,
Are you busy there?
Pretty Mister Squirrel
Dancing on a rail.
Shakes his head and listens,
Curls his bushy tail.
Turn it so and pat it so,
What a dainty size!
Bake it on a shingle,
Hot mud pies!

Hands that never weary
Toiling in the deep.
Shut the oven door, now,
Soon we'll take a peep.
Wish we had a shower,
Think we need it so,
For 'twould make the roadside
Such a heap of dough.
Turn them in and turn them out,
How the morning flies !
Ring the bell for dinner,
Hot mud pies !

Health Alphabet.

[Let each pupil recite a line.]

As soon as you are up shake blanket and sheet ;
Better be without shoes than sit with wet feet ;
Children, if healthy, are active, not still ;
Damp beds and damp clothes will both make you ill ;

Eat slowly and always chew your food well ;
Freshen the air in the house where you dwell ;
Carments must never be made too tight ;
Homes should be healthy, airy and light ;
If you wish to be well, which you do I've no doubt,
Just open the windows before you go out ;
Keept the room always tidy and clean ;
Let dust on the furniture never be seen ;
Much illness is caused by the want of pure air ;
Now, to open the windows be ever your care ;
Old rags and old rubbish should never be kept ;
People should see that their floors are well swept ;
Quick movements in children are healthy and right ;
Remember the young cannot thrive without light ;
See that the cistern is clean to the brim ;
Take care that your dress is all tidy and trim ;
Use your nose to find if there be a bad drain—
Very sad are the fevers that come in its train ;
Walk as much as you can without feeling fatigue ;
Xerxes could walk full many a league ;
Your health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep ;
Zeal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

A Lesson in Geography.

“ Now, what is a lake ?

You will none of you make

In a question so easy as this a mistake.”

And quickly went up every hand.

But never a youngster could certainly tell,

Although very sure he had studied it well,

Whether lakes are of water or land.

Alas and alas !

That it quickly should pass
To Pat at the foot of the primary class.
He waited triumphant, demure.
“ A lake, thin—is what you’d be askin o’ me ?
A lake, is it ! what in the wurd would it be
But a hole in the tay kittle, sure ! ”

How We Wash our Clothes.

[Motion Recitation.]

We wash our clothes, you know,
With soap and hot water, Ho, Ho !
Then rinse them with care you see,
In water well blued, He, He !
Then up on a line to dry,
They’re fastened with clothes-pins, Hi, Hi ?
Now sprinkled and folded away,
All ready for ironing next day.
The irons are hot, now, do your best,
We’ll soon be through and then we can rest.

Children recite first stanza and follow it with imitation of rolling up sleeves, rubbing clothes on board and using soap, using handkerchief of imaginary cloth, and back of seat for board.

Follow second stanza with imitation of rinsing, turning wringer, etc.

After third stanza clothespins, pole and line.

Fourth, sprinkle handkerchief, and lay in desk.

Fifth, try iron, smooth, iron and fold. Finally hang on extended finger for clothes bar.—*Child’s Song Book*, A. S. Barnes & Co.

When I'm a Man.

[For a fine, manly little fellow who can assume the air of a grown person. To be spoken with animation.]

When I am big, what do you think

I'll have, the first thing, then?

Now, if I give you guesses three,

You'll have to guess again.

Why, I'll have a splendid house,

All *rich* men do, I s'pose,

With carpets fine, and pictures, too,

And lots of things like those,

And in the very nicest room,

I'll have the nicest chair,

And sitting in it smiling sweet,

The nicest woman—there.

She's pretty, but it isn't that—

She is so good she'll shame

The bad right out of a fellow's heart,

And MOTHER is her name.

—*Southwestern Journal Ed.*

What Should Little Children Learn?

EMMA C. DOWD.

Teacher:

What should little children learn,

To insure the best return,

All in the springtime early?

Pupils:

- 1st. How to sing when skies are gray ;
- 2nd. How to smooth another's way ;
- 3d. How to smile through bitter tears ;
- 4th. How to hope away all fears ;
- 5th. How to carry bravest heart
Cheerily through every part ;
- 6th. How to praise a rival's skill ;
- 7th. How to yield to wisest will ;
- 8th. How to keep the temper sweet ;
- 9th. How to wait with patient feet ;
- 10th. How to let a treasure go
To relieve another's woe ;
- 11th. How to be a little sun,
Shedding light on every one.

All.

To insure the best return,
This should little children learn,
All in the springtime early.

—*Harper's Young People.*

A Small Boy's Speech.

Hellow, folkses ;
Hope you're well to-day !
I've just come out,
But I've nothing much to say,
I leave speech-making
To older ones than I,
And all that I can do is this—
Wish you all good by.

—*Little Speeches.*

Boys.

Sturdy little farmer boy, tell me how you know
When 'tis time to plow the fields, and to reap and mow.
Do the hens "with yellow legs"
Scold you when you hunt for eggs?
Do you drive the ducks to drink, waddling in a row,
Do the pigs in concert squeal
When you bring the evening meal?
Tell me, little farmer boy, for I'd like to know.
Nimble little sailor boy, tell me how you know
How to navigate your ship when the tempests blow.
Do you find it pretty hard
Clinging to the top-sail yard?
Don't you fear some stormy day overboard you'll go?
Do they let you take a light
When you go aloft at night?
Tell me, little sailor boy, for I'd like to know.
Little boys of every kind, tell me how you know
That 'tis time ere school begins rather ill to grow.
Does the pain increase so fast
That 'tis terrible at last?
Don't you quickly convalesce when too late to go?
Do you think I am a dunce?
Wasn't I a school-boy once?
Tell me, all you little boys, for I'd like to know.

Grandma's Advice.

"Help yourself, help yourself, little boy—do;
Don't wait for others to wait upon you."
Grandma was holding her afternoon chat,
Knitting and rocking away as she sat.

“ Look at the birds, how they build their own nests ?
Watch the brown bees always toiling their best !
Put your own hands to the plow if you'd thrive.
Don't waste your moments in wishing, but strive.”
Up in her face looked a mischievous elf,
“ Don't forget, darling,” said she, “ help yourself.”

Afternoon shadows grew drowsy and deep ;
Grandma was tranquilly folded in sleep ;
Nothing was heard but the old farmhouse clock
Plodding along with its warning “ tick ! tock ! ”
Out from the pantry there came a loud crash ;
Pussy jumped up from the hearth like a flash.
Back to her chair strode this practical boy,
Steeped to the ears in jam, custard and joy.
Grinning, he cried, “ Please, I've upset the shelf :
Grandma, I minded ; I did help myself.”

—*Harper's Young People.*

The Drill.

“ Present arms ! ” there they are
Both stretched out to me—
Strong and sturdy, smooth and white,
Fair as arms can be.

“ Ground arms ! ” on the floor,
Picking up his toys,
Breaking all within his reach,
Busiest of boys.

“ Right wheel ! ” off his cart ;
“ Left wheel ! ” too, is gone ;
Horsey's head is broken off,
Horsey's tail is torn.

“Quick step !” “Forward March !”

Crying, too, he comes,
Had a battle with the cat—

“Scratched off bofe my fums !”

“Shoulder arms !” here at last,
Round my neck they close.

Poor little soldier boy
Off to quarters goes.

—*Army and Navy Journal.*

Cracked.

'Twas a set of Resolutions,
As fine as fine could be,
And signed, in painstaking fashion,
By Nettie and Joe and Bee ;
And last in the list was written,
In letters broad and dark
(To look as grand as the others,)
Miss Maby Grace x, her mark !

We'll try all ways to help our mother ;
We won't be selfish to each other ;
We'll say kind words to every one ;
We won't tie pussy's feet for fun ;
We won't be cross and snarly, too ;
And all the good we can, we'll do.

It's just as easy to keep them,
The children gaily cried ;
But mamma, with a smile, made answer,
“Wait, darlings, till you are tried,”

And, truly, the glad, bright New Year
Wasn't his birth-day old,
When three little sorrowful faces
A sorrowful story told.

“And how are your resolutions?”

We asked of the baby Grace,
Who stood with a smile of wonder
On her dear little dimpled face ;
Quick came the merry answer—
She never an instant lacked—

“I don't fink much of em's broken,
But I dess em's 'bout all cracked?”

—*Youth's Companion.*

We All Like Sheep.

“We all like sheep,” the tenors shrill
Begin, and then the church is still.
While back and forth across the aisle
Is seen to come the “catching” smile.

“We all like sheep,” the altos moan
In low, and rich, and mellow tone,
While broader grows the merry grin
And nose gets farther off from chin.

“We all like sheep,” sopranos sing
Till all the echoes wake and ring;
The young folks titter, and the rest
Suppress the laugh in bursting chest.

“We all like sheep,” the bassos growl—
The titter grows into a howl,
And e'en the deacon's face is graced
With wonder at the singer's taste.

“ We all like sheep,” runs the refrain,
And then to make their meaning plain,
The singers all together say,
“ We all, like sheep, have gone astray.”

Life is What we Make It.

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And not about the sad ones.
We were not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief sleeps to wake it ;
Bright happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it ;
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pains to win it.
Oh! there's a slumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wake it ;
Our hands contain the magic wand—
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them !
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We ne'er had known without them.
Oh ! this should be a happy world
To all who may but take it ;
The fault's our own if it is not—
This life is what we make it.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Hard Times.

We say the times are grievous hard,
And hard they are, 'tis true !
But, drinkers, to your wives and babes,
They're harder made by you.

The drunkard's tax is self-imposed,
Like every other sin;
The taxes altogether cost
Not half so much as gin.

—*Hannah More.*

Going Back to School.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

A merry tramp of little feet,
Just hear the sweet vibration ;
The children over all the land
Have had a long vacation,
And back again they haste to take
In school the dear old places,
To measure out the days by rule,
With fair, unshadowed faces
They troop along the city streets,
Grave eyes grow young that see them,
And wistful hearts from every blight
Of sin and pain would free them.
Athwart the dusty ways of 'change,
With wafts of flowers and grasses,
As if to music sweet and strange,
The brilliant army passes.

Along the quiet country roads,
By purple asters bordered,
At nine o'clock and half past three,
The gay reviews are ordered,
And childish voices, clear and shrill,
Amaze the peeping thrushes,
The wrens and the orioles,
Housekeeping in the bushes.
We older people like to watch
Our little lads and lasses,
As sturdily they set to work
In sober ranks and classes ;
Such happy brows are over bent
To con the pictured pages,
Such earnest wills are wrestling with
The story of the ages.
And sometimes sighing as we gaze—
So fast the bairns are growing—
We think of darker skies to come
For these so glad and glowing,
Fain would we keep the children still
Brown-cheeked and blithe and ruddy,
With nothing harder in their lives
Than days of task and study.
But God, our Father's wiser love,
Prepares them for the evil ;
This army yet shall wage the war
With world and flesh and devil.
God bless them in the coming years,
And guard the waiting places
Which, by-and-by, he'll bid them fill—
His smile upon their faces.

—*Sunday School Times.*

Temperance.

[For a Girl.]

Water for washing,
And water for drinking;
There's nothing like water,
Fresh water, I'm thinking.

Put nothing but water
In cup or in pitcher,
And then, merry men,
You'll be wiser and richer.

[For a Boy.]

I'm a temperance boy !
See my ribbon blue !
Don't you think it's pretty ?
Then you wear one, too !

—*Primary Fridays No. 2.*

My Time Table.

[For Recitation.]

Sixty seconds make a minute,—
How much good can I do in it ?
Sixty minutes make an hour,—
All the good that's in my power ;
Twenty hours and four a day,
Time for sleep and work and play—
Days, three hundred sixty-five,
Make a year for me to strive
Right good things each day to do,
That I wise may grow and true.

—*Primary Fridays No. 2.*

To-day and To-morrow.

Do not tell me of to-morrow ;
There is much to do to-day,
That can never be accomplished,
If we throw the hours away.
Every moment has its duty ;
Who the future can foretell?
Defer not then until tomorrow
What to-day can do as well.

—*The Fountain.*

Questions.

Can you put the spider's web back in place,
That once has been swept away ?
Can you put the apple again on the bough,
Which fell at our feet today ?
Can you put the lily-cup back on the stem,
And cause it to live and grow ?
Can you mend the butterfly's broken wing,
That you crushed with a hasty blow ?
Can you put the bloom again on the grape,
And the grape again on the vine ?
Can you put the dew-drops back on the flowers,
And make them sparkle and shine ?
Can you put the petals back on the rose ?
If you could, would it smell as sweet ?
Can you put the flower again in the husk,
And show me the ripened wheat ?
Can you put the kernel back in the nut,
Or the broken egg in the shell ?
Can you put the honey back in the comb,
And cover with wax each cell ?

Can you put the perfume back in the vase,
When once it has sped away ?
Can you put the corn silk back on the corn,
Or the down on the catkins—say ?
You think that my questions are trifling, dear ?
Let me ask you another one :
Can a hasty word ever be unsaid,
Or a deed unkind, undone ?

—*Wide Awake.*

My Stocking.

They put me in the great spare bed, and there they made me
sleep ;

I must not stir ; I must not wake ; I must not even peep !
Right opposite that lonely bed my Christmas stocking hung ;
While near it, waiting for the morn my Sunday clothes were
flung.

I counted softly, to myself, to ten, and ten times ten,
And went through all the alphabet, and then began again ;
I repeated that fifth reader piece—a poem called “ Repose,”
And tried a dozen other ways to fall into a doze—

When suddenly the room grew light, I heard a soft, strong
bound—

’Twas Santa Claus, I felt quite sure, but dared not look around
’Twas nice to know that he was there, and things were going
rightly,

And so I took a little nap and tried to smile politely.

“ Ho ! Merry Christmas ! ” cried a voice ; I felt the bed a rock-
ing ;

’Twas daylight—Brother Bob was up ! and oh, that splendid
stocking !

—*St. Nicholas.*

A Secret With Santa Claus.

[For a Little Girl.]

'Sh—I've got out of bed just a minute,
 To tell you—I'll whisper it low—
 The stockings I've hung by the fire
(Points to the particular stockings)
 Are for me—not mamma, you know,

For mine are so awfully little,
 Dear Santa Claus, don't you see?
 And I want, oh ! so many playthings,
 They won't hold enough for me.

So I want you to surely remember,
 And fill these as full as you can ;
 'Cause I haven't been very naughty,
 And—you're such a nice, kind man !

—*Treasure Trove.*

Total Annihilation.

O, he was a Bowery bootblack bold,
 And his years they numbered nine ;
 Rough and unpolished was he, albeit
 He constantly aimed to shine.

As proud as a king, on his box he sat,
 Munching an apple red ;
 While the boys of his set looked wistfully on,
 And "Give us a bite !" they said.

But the bootblack smiled a lordly smile ;
 "No free bites here !" he cried,

The boys they sadly walked away,
Save *one* who stood at his side.

“ Bill, give us the core ? ” he whispered low ;
That bootblack smiled once more,
And a mischievous dimple grew in his cheek :
“ There *ain't* goin' to be no core ! ”

Which Side are You On.

Come, children, and listen ; I'll tell you in rhyme
A story of something which happened one time.
There was war in the land, and each brave heart beat high,
And many went forth for their country to die ;
But words fail to tell of the fear and dismay
Which swept the small village of W—— one day,
When the enemy's army marched into the street,
And their own valiant soldiers were forced to retreat ;
Such hiding, surrendering and trembling with fear !
When what in the midst of it all should appear

But Grandmother Gregory, feeble and old,
Coming out from her cottage courageous and bold !
She faced the intruders who marched through the land,
Shaking at them the poker she held in her hand.
“ How foolish ! ” her friends cried, provoked, it is true ;
“ Why, grandmother, what did you think you could do ? ”
“ Not much,” answered grandma, “ but ere they were gone
I wanted to show them which side I was on. ”

Now, children, I've told this queer story to you
To remind you of something the weakest can do—
There is always a fight 'twixt the right and the wrong,
And the heat of the battle is borne by the strong ;

But, no matter now small, or unfit for the field,
Or how feeble or graceless the weapon you wield,
Oh ! fail not until the last enemy's gone,
To stand up and show them which side you are on.

—*Anna R. Henderson, in Our Youth.*

Two Little Old Ladies.

[For Recitation.]

Two little old ladies, one grave, one gay,
In the self same cottage lived day by day,
One could not be happy, "because," she said,
"So many children were hungry for bread."
And she really had not the heart to smile,
When the world was so wicked all the while.

The other old lady smiled all day long,
As she knitted or sewed, or crooned a song.
She had not time to be sad, she said,
When hungry children were crying for bread,
So she baked, and knitted and gave away,
And declared that the world grew better each day.

Two little old ladies, one grave, one gay;
Now which do you think chose the wiser way?

—*St. Nicholas for October.*

Trouble Ahead.

Merry Christmas ! girls and boys.
Santa Claus, with team and toys,
Now is starting on his way,
With his overladen sleigh,—

Never heeding cold or wetting,
Not a single town forgetting.
But a puzzled look he bears
As he moves among his wares ;
And I doubt if ever yet
Was Santa Claus in such a fret.
Now he purses up his lips,
Snaps his rosy finger tips ;
All in vain he scans his store,
Names the children o'er and o'er—
Just one boy deserves a switch,
And he has forgotten *which*.

—*N. Y. School Journal.*

Something for Children to Do.

There is something on earth for children to do,
For the child that is striving to be
Like the One who once murmured, in accents of love,
“ Let the little ones come unto me.”

There are sweet, winning words to the weary and sad
By their glad, loving lips to be said ;
There are hearts that are waiting by some little hand
Unto Jesus the Lord to be led.

There are lessons to learn both at home and at school ;
There are battles to fight for the right ;
There's a watch to be kept over temper and tongue,
And God's help to be asked day and night.

There are smiles to be given, kind deeds to be done,
Gentle words to be dropped by the way ;
For the child that is seeking to follow the Lord
There is something to do every day.

Good Company.

"*I'll try!*" is a soldier ;
" *I will!*" is a king ;
Be sure they are near
When the school-bells ring.

When school-days are over,
And boys are men,
" *I'll try!*" and " *I will!*"
Are good friends then."

Primary Fridays No. 2.

Ella Wheeler's Best.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone ;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer ;
Sigh—it is lost on the air ;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But are slow to voice your care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you ;
Grieve, and they turn and go ;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many ;
Be sad, and you lose them all ;
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded ;
Fast, and the world goes by ;
Succeed and give and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train ;
But one by one we must all file on
Thro' the narrow aisles of pain.

What Bessie is Good For.

- “ Yes ! Bridget has gone to the city
And papa is sick, as you see,
And mamma has no one to help her,
But two-years-old Laurence and me.
- “ You'd like to know what I am good for,
'Cept to make work and tumble things down ?
I guess there aren't no little girlies
At your house at home, Doctor Brown !
- “ I've brushed all the crumbs from the table,
And dusted the sofa and chairs ;
I've polished the hearth-stone and fender,
And swept off the area stairs.
- “ I've wiped all the silver and china,
And just dropped one piece on the floor ;
Yes, Doctor, it broke in the middle,
But I 'spect it was cracked before.
- “ And the steps that I save precious mamma !
You'd be 'sprised, Dr. Brown, if you knew ;
She says if it wasn't for Bessie
She couldn't exist the day through !

“ It’s ‘ Bessie, bring papa some water !’
And ‘ Bessie, dear, run to the door !’
And ‘ Bessie, love, pick up the playthings
The baby has dropped on the floor.’

“ Yes, Doctor, I’m ’siderably tired,
I’ve been on my feet all the day,
Good-bye ! well, ‘ perhaps’ I ‘ will’ help you
When your old Bridget ‘ goes off to stay !’ ”

—*Good Cheer.*

It Never Comes Again.

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain ;
But when youth, the dream departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood’s sterner reign ;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain ;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.

—*Richard Henry Stoddard.*

Little Things.

Little mysteries achieved,
Little wants with care relieved,
Little words in love expressed.
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little graces meekly worn;
Little slights with patience borne ;
These are treasures that shall rise
Far above the shining skies.

A Neat Little Girl.

Little Miss Tidy
Is neat as a pin ;
She wipes her feet neatly
Whene'er she comes in.
She folds her clothes smoothly
When going to rest ;
Of all little girls,
She's the nicest and best.

Speech for a Little Girl.

I've a dear little playmate ;
Who is it? Now think.
Her dress it is white,
Her nose it is pink.
I don't like to handle her roughly, because
I think she carries pins in her paws.
I thought she was very dainty and neat,
But, Oh dear ! she washes her face with her feet !

What and Where?

Little dimpled hands,
Busy, wond'rous hands,
What shall they do?
When they older grow,
And when more I know,
Good they must do.

Little rosy feet,
Now so soft and sweet,
Where shall they go?
When, some other day,
I find out the way,
Right they must go.

Speak the Truth.

Speak the truth !
Speak it boldly, never fear ;
Speak it so that all may hear ;
In the end it shall appear
Truth is best in age or youth.
Always, always speak the truth !

For a Little Girl.

Kind friend, don't think that I'm too small,
To stand up here before you all,
And fill a place like this ;
But bear in mind that I will grow
To be a woman large, and so—
I'll throw you all a kiss.

Work.

Ho ! ye who at the anvil toil
And strike the sounding blow,
Where from the burning iron's breast
The sparks fly to and fro,
Oh, while ye feel 'tis hard to toil,
And sweat the long day through,
Remember, it is harder still
To have no work to do.

ObeY Your Mother.

[For a little girl to speak to her doll.]

Don't say, " I will,"
When I say, " No ;"
Don't say, " I won't,"
When I say, " Go ;"
For I'm your mother.

You must obey
Until you learn
The better way
Your steps to turn ;
Then take no other.

—*Stickney's Second Reader.*

" When I am Big."

When I am big I mean to buy
A dozen platters of pumpkin pie,
A barrel of nuts, to have 'em handy,
And fifty pounds of sugar candy.

When I am big, I mean to wear
A long-tailed coat and crop my hair ;
I'll buy a paper, and read the news,
And sit up late whenever I choose.

Be Good.

Kind looks and smiles so loving,
And duties promptly done,
Oh ! these will make the school-room
As pleasant as the sun.
Then let us all keep trying
To do the best we can
To make our school-life pleasant,
For 'tis the wisest plan.

Speech for a Little Boy.

I'm going to be a wise man,
As you may plainly see ;
If I do all the good I can,
There'll be a place for me.

I know that I am very small,
I'm scarcely three feet high ;
But then, when I am big and tall,
Won't I be smart? Oh, my !

So then I must my lessons get,
My teachers kind obey ;
I never must get cross and fret,
But pleasant be each day.

Wishing that we may all do right,
I ask to be excused ;
I'll bid you all a kind good-night,
Hoping you've been amused.

Resolutions for a Child.

[By Anna B. Badlam, Dorchester, Mass.]

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. I have two hands
To work or play,
I'll do my share
Of each to-day. | 2. I have two feet
Papa to meet ;
I'll run to him
With kisses sweet. |
| 3. I have two ears
Mamma to hear,
I'll mind both her
And papa dear. | 4. I have two eyes ;
They're honest, true ;
I'm not afraid
To look at you. |
| 5. I have a mouth
The truth to tell ;
I'll try each day
To speak it well. | 6. I have a mind
That ought to grow ;
I'll try each day
New truths to know. |
| 7. I have a soul
As pure as snow ;
God grant that I
May keep it so. | |

—*American Teacher.*

Marching Song.

Let us march around in singing,
Happy little girls and boys,
We will all keep time so nicely
That you will not hear much noise.

Shoulders back, heads up, eyes forward,
Hands at sides, do not look back ;
Keep in line like little soldiers,
Left foot, right foot, front to back.

One, two, three, four, one, two, three, four,
Step together, here we go ;
One, two, three, four, one, two, three, four,
Here we are all in a row.

Little Midget.

[For a very little girl.]

My papa sometimes scolds and says
I'm always in a fidget !
But mamma says I keep quite still
For such a little midget ;

And teacher said to-day, she thought
That it was very smart
For such a little thing as I
To learn a speech by heart.

My Kitten.

I have a little kitten,
Just like a ball of silk ;
She purrs so very softly,
As she laps her nice new milk.

She is so full of mischief,
So frolicsome and gay,
I've not the heart to scold her,
Excepting just in play.

She upsets mother's work-box,
And tangles all her thread ;
She's never still one minute,
Unless she is in bed.

A Pouting Girl.

Sniff, sniff, sniff !
Little May is in a tiff.
Snuff, snuff, snuff !
Don't you think she's cried enough ?
Pout, pout, pout !
How her pretty lips stick out !
Drop, drop, drop !
Will the quick tears never stop ?
Shade, shade, shade !
I am very much afraid
That she has forgotten quite
To be merry, sweet and bright !
Creep, creep, creep !
A little smile begins to peep.
Oh, oh, oh !
Now she is ashamed, I know.
Fie, fie, fie !
Do not look so very shy.
Peek, peek, peek !
There's a dimple in her cheek.
Run, run, run,
Naughty clouds before the sun !
Tears and trouble go away
From all little girls to-day.

The Dog and the Bee.

Great big dog,
Head upon his toes ;
Tiny little bee
Settles on his nose.

Dog smiles a smile,
Winks his other eye,
Chuckles to himself
Now he'll catch a fly.

Then he makes a snap,
Mighty quick and spry,
Gets the little bug,
But doesn't catch a fly.

Tiny little bee,
Alive and lookin' well,
Great big dog,
Mostly gone to swell.

MORAL.

Dear friends and brothers all,
Don't be too fast and free,
And when you catch a fly
Be sure it ain't a bee.

The Wise Mother.

There was a wise mother, who once lived in Lee,
Who dosed all her children each night after tea.
"They're not sick, to be sure,
But a whole pound of cure
Is not worth an ounce of prevention," said she.

Chubby Cheek.

Chubby cheek, chubby cheek, where is your chin?

Did it drop out, love, or did it drop in?

There is only a dimple to show where it's been.

Chubby cheek, chubby cheek, what will you do?

There is only one way for a baby like you;

When you grow up, you will have to wear two.

—*Harper's Young People.*

Mud Pies.

With a little water mix a little clay ;

Stir it with a crooked stick half the day,

Sweeten it with sand, put in same biscuit crumbs,

White stones for citron, and black stones for plums ;

Take it up carefully, roll it on a board,

Then you have the best pie money can afford.

Put it on a flat stone, set it in the sun ;

There let it bake till the mud pie is done.

—*Little Poems for Little Children.*

Playing School.

[By Mrs. A. Giddings Park.]

Blue-eyed Maude is the teacher ;

Clarence, Minnie and Bell

Are the most advanced of her pupils—

The first class studying well.

Then there are the primary scholars—

Those dollies that sit in a row ;

And Robbie's the superintendent

Who visits the school, you know.

Pussy is studying drawing,
Her paws in the crayon-tray ;
While Bose sits up on a hassock
Ready his part to play.
She has on her very best ribbon,
With an extra frill of lace,
While he wears a turn down collar
And a very solemn face !

A mouse peeps out of the corner,
From his hole just under the wall,
And puss goes scampering after,
Upsetting the dollies and all !
While Maudie—the dignified teacher—
Just screams and jumps to a chair ;
And the grave little superintendent
Laughs loud at the funny affair.

—*Independent.*

Stolen Custard.

Sugar-toothed Dick
For dainties was sick,
So he slyly stole into the kitchen,
Snatched a cup from the pantry
And darted out quick,
Unnoticed by mother or Gretchen.
Whispered he : “ There’s no cake,
For to-morrow they bake ;
But this custard looks rich and delicious,
How they’ll scold at the rats,
Or the mice, or the cats ;
For of me I don’t think they’re suspicious.

“ They might have filled up
Such a stingy, mean cup,
And for want of a spoon I must drink it.
But 'tis easy to pour—
Hark ! Who's that at the door ? ”
And the custard went down ere you'd think it.

With a shriek he sprang up ;
To the floor dashed the cup ;
Then he howled at that queer tasting custard
Till the terrible din
Brought the whole household in—
He had swallowed a cupful of *mustard* !

That Boy.

Through the house with laugh and shout,
Knees threadbare and elbows out,
Mamma hears with anxious doubt,
That boy.

Vain are all the lessons taught,
In one short hour they are forgot,
Gentle manners learneth not
That boy.

Thus she muses while she tries
To soothe the wakened baby's cries,
While to other mischief hies
That boy.

Patient mother, wait awhile ;
Summon back thy loving smile ;
Soon will graver cares beguile
That boy.

Soon the boy, with "cheek of tan"
Will be the brawny, bearded man.
If thou wouldst trust and honor then
That boy,

Trust him now and let thy care
Shield his soul from every snare
That waits to capture, unaware,
That boy.

And when, though worn and oft distressed,
Thou knowest that God thy work hath blessed,
Then trust with him for all the rest
That boy.

—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

Grown-up Land.

“Good-morrow, good-morrow, my bright-eyed lad,
Now what may your trouble be?”

“ Good-morrow,” he answered me, sober and sad :

“ Here is trouble enough for me :

Say, which is the road to Grown-up Land—

The shortest, kind stranger, I pray?

For these guide-boards all point with a different hand,
In a dreadfully puzzling way.

This says : By the Town of Saving a Cent ;

Another : Just follow your Natural Bent :

This points to the Road of Wisely Giving ;

And that to the Turnpike of Truly Living ;

A fifth straggles off here to Leap-frog Town ;

And a sixth climbs the hill-slope of High Renown.

These lead to the By-ways of Bat and Ball,

And the Highways of Courage and Know It All ;

Then there are Cross-roads of Play and Fun ;
And the Post-roads of Duty and Things Well Done.
Good Gracious ! How *can* a boy understand
Which way is the shortest to Grown-up Land ?”

“Don’t fret, my lad, for the roads you see
Have been traveled by many like you and me ;
And though each road has a different name,
To Grown-up Land they all of them came.
And hour by hour, my boy, you’ll find
That, little by little, they drop behind ;
’Till, almost before you know it, you stand
On the breezy summits of Grown-up Land.”

—*St. Nicholas.*

The Little Teacher.

[By Sophie E. Eastman.]

Nine o’clock. ’Tis time for school.
Rover, don’t forget the rule ;

 You must keep your eyes on me
 While you learn your A B C.
I should be ashamed, indeed,
Of a dog who could not read.

Now begin : C—a—t, cat.
Barking ? What ? You don’t like that ?

 Here’s another : D—o—g,
 If you’ll say it after me
You shall have a piece of cake.
Oh ! you’ve made a great mistake.

Try it, Rover, just once more.
Here’s a word you’ve heard before,

B—o—w ; speak up, now,
And pronounce it : “ *Bow, Bow wow,*”
Good old Rover ! That’s well done,
Come and have a little run.

For Very Little Boys.

[Pupils who recite the following should stand before the blackboard, upon which the letters should be made as large as possible, and while the pupils recite.]

First.

You see me stand,
With chalk in hand,
And make the letter G.
If you would know what’s coming next
Just “ look sharp ” and you’ll see.

Second.

There, I have done my very best
To make the letter O,
I say ’tis hard to make it round
And full ; don’t you think so ?

Third.

And I will make one like it, so (O).
It’s crooked some you see,
But teacher says it isn’t bad
For a little boy like me.

Fourth.

My part’s the very hardest,
To make the letter D.

Fifth.

So that my verse shall rhyme with his
I’ll make the letter B.

Sixth.

I'm going to make a letter, too,

To do my best I'll try.

And now I've got it finished,

Good-by, (All) Good-by.

(School) *Good-by.*

—*Popular Educator.*

Our Heroes.

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage

To do what he knows to be right ;

When he falls in the way of temptation

He has a hard battle to fight.

Who strives against self and his comrades

Will find a most powerful foe ;

All honor to him if he conquers,

A cheer for the boy who says " No ! "

There's many a battle fought daily

The world knows nothing about ;

There's many a brave little soldier

Whose strength puts a legion to rout.

And he who fights sin single-handed

Is more of a hero, I say,

Than he who leads soldiers to battle,

And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,

E'er do what you know to be right ;

Stand firm by the colors of manhood,

And you will o'ercome in the fight.

“The Right” be your battle-cry ever
In waging the warfare of life ;
And God, knowing who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

March.

He puffs in my face, and tangles my hair,
And laughs at me
In his saucy glee,
As he looks to see if I seem to care ;
He steals behind me and jerks my hat
While I am at play,
And flirts it away,
Perhaps he thinks there is fun in that ;
He reddens my cheeks, and even tries,
To fling the sand in my very eyes,
And out of my ruffles he takes the starch,—
An impudent fellow is he—that March !
—The Nursery.

Ten Little Boys went to School.

[For ten very little boys. They come up singly, recite line, and take place, five little boys in the back and five shorter ones in front.]

- 1st. This little boy says, “ I go to school.”
- 2d. This little boy says, “ I mind the rule.”
- 3d. This little boy says, “ I read well.”
- 4th. This little boy says, “ I can spell.”
- 5th. This little boy says, “ I can sing.”
- 6th. This little boy says, “ I wish you’d wait.”
- 7th. “ Hold on till we get our breakfast ate.”

8th. This little boy says, "I can sing."

9th. "I can do almost anything."

10th. This little boy says, "Tee, hee, hee!"
If you don't believe it, come and see.

ALL.

Ten little boys who study and play,
Ten little boys who learn something each day,
Learn something good if you show us the way,
Ten little boys,—but little boys *grow*!
We'll be ten *men* the first thing you know.

—*Castle's School Entertainments.*

Song of the Flowers.

[For five little girls.]

DAISY.

Innocence charms in a world of sin.

ROSE.

Beauty of soul we should seek to win.

LILY.

Purity blossoms fair and white.

VIOLET.

Modesty blushes and hides from sight.

PINK.

The pink is so happy it seeks for the light.

ALL.

We are flowers of hearts and of households,
Springing up in affection's sod;
We are blooming below, but fitting to bloom
Above, in the garden of God.

Life in Six Acts.

BABY.

Sighing, crying,
Night and day ;
Winking, blinking,
Full of play.

BOY.

Fooling, schooling,
Getting tall ;
Growing, rowing,
Playing ball.

YOUTH.

Fussing, mussing,
O'er a tie ;
Larking, sparking,
On the sly.

MANHOOD.

Cooing, wooing
Future wife ;
Gushing, blushing,
Tied for life.

MIDDLE AGE.

Slaving, craving,
Hoarding wealth ;
Driving, striving,
Broken health.

OLD AGE.

Ailing, failing
Day by day,
The undertaker
Ends the play.

—*Boston Globe.*

The Queer Scholars.

The sun was shining softly,
The day was calm and cool,
When forty-five frog scholars met
Down by a shady pool—
For little frogs, like little folk,
Are always sent to school.

The master, perched upon a stone,
Besought them to be quick
In answering his questions,
Or else (his voice was thick)
They knew well what would happen,
He pointed to his stick.

Their lessons seemed the strangest things,
They learnt that grapes were sour ;
They said that four and twenty days
Exactly made an hour ;
That bricks were made of houses,
And corn was made of flour.

That six times one was ninety-five,
And "yes" meant "no" or "nay."
They always spent to-morrow
Before they spent to-day,
Whilst each commenced the alphabet
With "z" instead of "a !"

As soon as school was over
The master said, "No noise !
Now go and play at leap-frog,"
(The game a frog enjoys),
"And mind that you behave yourselves,
And *don't throw stones at boys !*"

The Chinese Puzzle.

O bring me a map of the seat of war !
I hear the guns on the river Min !
I want to see where the missiles tore
Through far Foo-Chow with a devil's din,
Just show me Ke-lung and Sinen-choo ;
And where, O where is Kin-te-Ching,
Chow-choo, Chang-chow, and where Cha-oo ?
Is Hing-wha far from old Yen-ping ?

I yearn to know of Hie-chie-chin ;
I long to see the High Nan-ling ;
How, ever, will the French get in
To Kiang-si, or view Toong-ting ?
So, bring me a map of the seat of war !
I want to learn while the fight is young ;
And while I am looking for one name more,
I'll pray for the ladies of great Quang-tung.

Boys Make Men.

When you see a ragged urchin
Standing wistful in the street,
With torn hat and kneeless trowsers,
Dirty face and bare red feet,
Pass not by the child unheeding ;
Smile upon him. Mark me, when
He's grown old he'll not forget it ;
For remember—boys make men.
Have you ever seen a grandsire,
With his eyes aglow with joy,
Bring to mind some act of kindness—
Something said to him, a boy ?
Or relate some slight or coldness
With a brow all clouded, when
He recalled some heart too thoughtless
To remember—boys make men ?
Let us try to add some pleasure
To the life of every boy ;
For each child needs interest
In its sorrow and its joy.

Call your boys home by its brightness ;
They avoid the household when
It is cheerless with unkindness ;
For remember—boys make men !

New Year Chimes.

[G. Weatherby.]

Clash, clash, peal the bells !
New Year life their welcome tells,
Wealth of sunny days to be.
Sing the joy bells gleefully :
“ Golden hours and days we give—
Hours and days in which to live
In the ways of truth and right.”
So the bells ring forth with might,
Heralding a future bright ;
Clash, clash ; peal the bells.

—*Bates' Recitation.*

No Surrender.

Ever constant, ever true,
Let the word be—No surrender !
Boldly dare and greatly do,
This shall bring us bravely through,
No surrender ! No surrender !
And though future smiles be few,
Hope is always springing new,
Still inspiring me and you
With the magic—No surrender !

Will She?

Won't it be funny when women vote,
If they act as silly as the men?
The barrels of flour they'll have to "tote,"
The wheelbarrows they'll trundle then.
Will she pay her bills like a little man,
Or hedge with a pretty pink-hued note?
Will it be a game of catch-as-catch-can
When women vote?

Won't it be funny to have it said
Of some political sweet girl-bride,
"She's actually gone and shaved her head—
Made a bet on the losing side?"
Will they bet their boots and their chewing-gum,
And the pretty bonnets, on which they dote,
Will we think the millenium has come
When women vote?

"Rome Wasn't Built in a Day."

[Alice Cary.]

The boy who does a stroke, and stops—
Will ne'er a great man be;
'Tis the aggregate of single drops
That makes the sea the sea.

The mountain was not, at its birth,
A mountain, so to speak;
The little atoms of sand and earth
Have made its peak a peak.

Not all at once the morning streams
Its gold above the gray,
It takes a thousand little beams
That makes the day the day.

Not from the snow-drifts May awakes
In purples, reds and greens ;
Spring's whole bright retinue it takes
To make her queen of queens.

Upon the orchard rain must fall,
And soak from branch to root,
And buds most bloom and fade withal,
Before the fruit is fruit.

The farmer needs must sow and till
And wait the wheaten head,
Then cradle, thresh, and go to mill,
Before his bread is bread.

Swift heels may get the early shout,
But, spite of all the din,
It is the *patient holding out*
That makes the winner win.

Choose, then, this motto at the start—
'Twill help to smooth the way,
And steady up both hand and heart—
“Rome wasn't built in a day.”

Watch Your Words.

Keep a watch on your words, my darlings,
For words are wonderful things ;
They are sweet, like bees' fresh honey ;
Like the bees, they have terrible stings.

They can carry a heart's affection,
And sweeten a bitter life ;
They can cut in the strife of anger,
Like an open two-edged knife.

Let them pass through your lips unchallenged
If their errand is true and kind ;
If they come to support the weary,
To comfort and help the blind.
If bitter, revengeful spirit
Prompts the words, let them be unsaid ;
They may flash through a brain like lightning,
Or fall on a heart like lead.

Keep them back if they are cold and cruel,
Under bar, and lock and seal ;
The wounds they make, my darlings,
Are always slow to heal.
May peace guard your lives, and ever
From this time of your early youth,
May the words that you daily utter
Be beautiful words of truth.

Can and Will.

Shoulder to shoulder, ever ready,
All firm and fearless still,
The brothers labor—true and steady,
“ I CAN ” and brave “ I WILL.”

“ I can ” climbs to the mountain top,
And plows the billowy main ;
He lifts the hammer in the shop,
And drives the saw and plane.

Then say "I can !" Yes, let it ring ;
There is a volume there :
There's meaning in the eagle's wing—
Then *soar*, and *do*, and DARE.

Oh, banish from you every "*can't*,"
And show yourself a man !
And nothing will your purpose daunt,
Led by the brave "I Can."

Little Dilly Dally.

I don't believe you ever
Knew any one so silly
As the girl I'm going to tell about,
A little girl named Dilly !
Dilly-dally Dilly !
Oh, she is very slow ;
She drags her feet along the street,
And dilly-dallies so !
She's always late to breakfast,
Without a bit of reason,
For Bridget rings and rings the bell,
And wakes her up in season.
Dilly-dally Dilly !
How can you be so slow ?
Why don't you try
To be more spry
And not dilly-dally so ?

'Tis just the same at evening ;
And it's really quite distressing
To see the time that Dilly wastes
In dressing and undressing.

Dilly-dally Dilly
Is always in a huff
If you hurry her,
Or worry her,
And says, "There's time enough."
Since she's neither sick nor helpless,
It is quite a serious matter
That she should be so lazy, that
We still keep scolding at her.
Dilly-dally Dilly,
It's very wrong you know,
To do no work
That you can shirk,
And dilly-dally so.

—The Nursery.

The Wise Scholar's Alphabet.

Attend carefully to the little things of your work.
Be prompt, always, everywhere.
Consider, think, then decide, and *stick to it*.
Dare to do right ! Be afraid to do wrong !
Endure what you cannot cure.
Fight wrong with all your might, but don't fight anything else.
Go out of your way rather than meet a bad person.
Hold fast to all the good you have ; let go the evil in you.
Injure not any one, even your enemy.
Join hands with good, manly, brave boys and girls.
Keep evil thoughts out of your mind.
Lie not for a million of dollars. Don't have a price for which
you can bought.
Make few intimate acquaintances.

Never appear to be what you are not.
Observe the ways of persons whom you respect.
Pay your debts the day they are due.
Question not the word of a friend.
Respect what your parents and teachers tell you.
Sacrifice anything rather than principle.
Touch not, handle not, taste not anything that will intoxicate.
Use all your time to the best advantage.
Venture not into a wicked resort.
'Xtend to every one a cheerful salutation.
Yield not to the importunity of a wicked person.
Zealously work for what is right !
So shall you be happy !

—*Canada School Journal.*

The Old Trundle Bed.

As I rummaged through the attic,
Listening to the falling rain
As it pattered on the shingles
And against the window pane ;
Peeping o'er the chests and boxes,
Which with dust were thickly spread,
Saw I in the farthest corner,
What was once my trundle bed.
So I drew it from the corner
Where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music
Of my mother's evening song,
As she sang in sweetest cadence
What I often since have read :
“ Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed.”

As I listened, recollections
Of a time long since forgot,
Came upon my dim remembrance,
Rushing, thronging to the spot ;
And I wandered back in mem'ry
To those happy days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother
By this bed, upon the floor.

Then it was with hands so gently
Placed upon my little head,
That she taught my lips to utter
Carefully the words she said ;
Never can they be forgotten,—
They to memory were given :
“Hallowed be Thy name, our Father ;
Father Thou who art in Heaven !”

Years have passed, and that dear mother
Long has slept beneath the sod,
But I know her sainted spirit
Reigneth in the home of God.
But that scene at summer twilight,
Light o'er all my life has shed,
And it comes in all its freshness
When I see my trundle bed.

Old Shoes.

How much a man is like old shoes !
For instance, both a soul may lose ;
Both have been tanned ; both are made tight
By cobblers ; both get left and right ;

Both need a mate to be complete,
And both are made to go on feet.
They both need heeling, oft are sold,
And both in time all turn to mold.
With shoes the last is first ; with men
The first shall be the last ; and when
The shoes wear out they are mended new ;
When men wear out they are men-dead, too.
They both are trod upon, and both
Will tread on others, nothing loath.
Both have their ties, and both incline,
When polished in the world to shine :
And both peg out—and would you choose
To be a man or be his shoes ?

Little Things.

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended ;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended ;
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made ;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.
So the little coral workers,
By their slow but constant motion,
Have built up those pretty islands,
In the distant, dark blue ocean ;
And the noblest undertakings
Man's wisdom hath conceived,
By oft repeated effort
Have been patiently achieved.

A little—'tis a little word,
But much may in it dwell ;
Then let a warning voice be heard,
And learn the lesson well ;
The way to ruin thus begins,
Down, down like easy stairs ;
If conscience suffers little sins,
Soon larger ones it bears.

A little theft, a small deceit,
Too often leads to more ;
'Tis hard at first, but tempts the feet,
As through an open door.
Just as the broadest rivers run
From small and distant springs,
The greatest crimes that men have done
Have grown from little things.

Be Firm.

When you make a promise
Keep it like a rock ;
Never swerve from duty ;
Let the cowards mock.
When you answer " No ! " be strong.
Truth will drive away the wrong.

Those who first despised you,
By-and-by will praise,
When they find you honest
In your words and ways.
Though your path be often crossed,
Keep your word at any cost.

Only One.

[George Cooper.]

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky ;
Hundreds of shells on the shore together ;
Hundreds of birds that go singing by ;
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dew-drops to greet the dawn ;
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover ;
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn ;
But only one mother the wide world over.

A Boy's Plea.

[For Recitation.]

They say that boys
Make all the noise,
And that the girls are quiet :
If girls were boys,
I know their joys
Would only be in riot.

I know we oft,
When mud is soft,
Forget to use the door-mats :
We go "all fours,"
We slam the doors,
We use our hats like brick-bats.

Perhaps we may
Some sunny day,
Attempt to tease the girls,

To eat their cake,
And faces make,
Or pull their dangling curls.

But then you know,
When we do so
It's only just in fun,
For when we will,
We can be still,
As almost any one.

But let them say,
Whate'er they may
About our dreadful noise,
For errands done,
Some one to run,
They're glad to find "the boys."

A Sleepy Little School.

A funny old professor kept a school for little boys,
And he'd romp with them in play-time, and he wouldn't mind
their noise ;

While in his little school-room, with its head against the wall,
Was a bed of such proportions it was big enough for all.

"It's for tired little pupils," he explained, "for you will find
How very wrong indeed it is to force a budding mind ;
Whenever one grows sleepy and he can't hold up his head,
I make him lay his primer down and send him off to bed !

And sometimes it will happen on a warm and pleasant day,
When the little birds upon the trees go tooral-looral-lay,
When wide-awake and studious it's difficult to keep,
One by one they'll get a-nodding till the whole class is asleep !

Then before they're all in dreamland and their funny snores begin,

I close the shutters softly so the sunlight can't come in ;
After which I put the school-books in their order on the shelf,
And with nothing else to do, I take a little nap myself !”

—*Malcolm Douglass, in St. Nicholas for March.*

Old Sayings.

As poor as a church mouse, as thin as a rail ;
As fat as a porpoise, as rough as a gale ;
As brave as a lion, as spry as a cat ;
As bright as a sixpence, as weak as a rat.

As proud as a peacock, as sly as a fox ;
As mad as a March hare, as strong as an ox ;
As fair as a lily, as empty as air ;
As rich as Croesus, as cross as a bear.

As pure as an angel, as neat as a pin ;
As smart as a steel trap, as ugly as sin ;
As dead as a door-nail, as white as a sheet ;
As flat as a pan-cake, as red as a beet.

As round as an apple, as black as your hat ;
As brown as a berry, as blind as a bat ;
As mean as a miser, as full as a tick ;
As plump as a partridge, as sharp as a stick.

As clean as a penny, as dark as a pall ;
As hard as a mill-stone, as bitter as gall ;
As fine as a fiddle, as clear as a bell ;
As dry as a herring, as deep as a well.

As light as a feather, as firm as a rock ;
As stiff as a poker, as calm as a clock ;
As green as a gosling, as brisk as a bee ;
And now let me stop, lest you weary of me.

Be in Time.

Be in time for every call ;
If you can, be first of all ;
Be in time.
If your teachers only find
You are never once behind,
But are like the dial, true,
They will always trust to you ;
Be in time.

Never linger ere you start,
Set out with a willing heart ;
Be in time.
In the morning up and on,
First to work and soonest done ;
This is how the goal's attained ;
This is how the prize is gained ;
Be in time.

Those who aim at something great
Never yet were found too late ;
Be in time.
Life with all is but a school ;
We must work by plan and rule,
Ever steady, earnest, true,
Whatsoever you may do,
Be in time.

Listen, then, to wisdom's call—
Knowledge now is free to all ;
 Be in time.
Youth must daily toil and strive,
Treasure for the future hive,
For the work they have to do
Keep this motto still in view—
 Be in time.

Diplomacy.

“ There never was a grandma half so good ! ”
He whispered, while beside her chair he stood,
 And laid his rosy cheek,
 With manner very meek,
Against her dear old face in loving mood.

“ There never was a nicer grandma born !
I know some little boys must be forlorn
 Because they've none like you ;
 I wonder what I'd do
Without a grandma's kisses night and morn ?

“ There never was a dearer grandma—there ! ”
He kissed her and he smoothed her snow-white hair ;
 Then fixed her ruffled cap,
 And nestled in her lap ;
While grandma, smiling, rocked her old arm-chair.

“ When I'm a man, what lots to you I'll bring ;
A horse and carriage, and a watch and ring ;
 All grandmas are so nice !
 (Just here he kissed her twice)
And grandmas give a boy most anything.”

Before his dear old grandma could reply,
This boy looked up, and with a roguish eye,
Then whispered in her ear,
That nobody might hear,
“Say, grandma, have you any more mince pie?”

—*New Moon.*

For Memorizing.

[“It takes two to make a quarrel, and two to keep it going; it only needs one to end it.”]

Two ears and only one mouth have you ;
The reason, I think, is clear :
It teaches, my child, that it will not do
To talk about all you hear.

Two eyes and only one mouth have you ;
The reason for this must be,
That you should learn that it will not do,
To talk about all you see.

Two hands and only one mouth have you ;
And it is worth while repeating :
The two are for work you will have it to do—
The one is enough for eating.

The Donation Party.

They carried pie to the parson's house,
And scattered the floor with crumbs,
And marked the leaves of his choicest books
With prints of their greasy thumbs.

They piled his dishes high and thick
With a lot of unhealthy cake,
While they gobbled the buttered toast and rolls,
Which the parson's wife did make.
They hung around Clytie's classic neck
Their apple parings in sport,
And every one laughed when a clumsy lout
Spilled his tea on the pianoforte.
Next day the parson went down on his knees,
With his wife—but not to pray,
Oh, no, 'twas to scrape the grease and dirt
From the carpet and stairs away.

An Introduction Speech.

Kind friends and patrons here to-day
We're glad to see you all,
We'll try this kindness to repay,
Although we know we're small.
We're small and yet we feel quite big,
But don't expect too much ;
Some people judge folks of their rig,
But we don't care for such.
We're here to have a jolly time
And help our school along,
And those who cannot make a rhyme
Will have to sing a song.
Don't be too *prim*, and don't be rough,
Just have a pleasant meeting.
But I have spoken long enough
To give you all a greeting.

Boys Wanted.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power,
Fit to cope with anything—
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones
That all trouble magnify ;
Not the watchword of "I can't,"
But the nobler one, "I'll try."

Do whate'er you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal ;
Bend your sinews to the task,
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

At the anvil or the farm,
Wheresoever you may be—
From your future efforts, boys,
Comes a nation's destiny.

Mind Cure.

Think Health, and Health will find you
As certain as the day,
And pain will lag behind you
And lose you on the way.

Think Love, and Love will meet you
And go where'er you go,
And Fate can no more treat you
Like some malicious foe.

Think Joy, and Joy will hear you,
For thoughts are always heard,

And it shall nestle near you
Like some contented bird.

Whate'er your sad condition—
Whate'er your woes or pains—
Bright thoughts shall bring fruition
As surely as God reigns.

“Boys, Keep Your Record Clean.”

[Last words of John B. Gough.]

“Boys, keep your record clean.”
The lips of the speaker are mute,
But his words are still warning the boys
To stop in their mad pursuit ;
To stop, I say, in their mad pursuit
Of wealth and honor and fame,
To think of the devious winding ways
By which they shall reach the same.

“Boys, keep your record clean,”
Your lips unstained by sin ;
Your lips as the lilies are,
And a heart as pure within,
Fair as the virgin snow,
Spotless and undefiled,
Though around you the world is bright,
Or the pitiless storms beat wild.

As you go out into the world,
Go with a purpose true,
Go with a sturdy, resolute will ;
Be one of the manly few.

Ever do that which is right,
Scorn to do that which is mean,
And as you go through peace and strife,
“Boys, keep your record clean.”

Let the Sunshine In.

Alone in a hut lived a cross old man,
He was little, and pale and thin,
And his home was shut up like a patent can,
Lest the sunshine should get in.
It was always musty and dark in there,
And darker and mustier grew,
And he shut up his heart—this cross old bear,
From the human sunshine too.
If you want your home to be sweet and bright,
You must open blind and door,
So that warm and cheering the blessed light
Into every part may pour.
And unless you want your heart to be
All buried in selfish sin,
Just open it wide to humanity
And let the sunshine in.

—*Flax Blossom.*

Blow, Wind, Blow.

Now the snow is on the ground,
And the frost is on the glass ;
Now the brook in ice is bound
And the great storms rise and pass.

Bring the thick, gray cloud ;
Toss the flakes of snow ;
Let your voice be hoarse and loud,
And blow, wind, blow !

When our day in school is done
Out we come with you to play ;
You are rough, but full of fun,
And we boys have learned your way.
All your cuffs and slaps
Mean no harm, we know ;
Try to snatch our coats and caps,
And blow, wind, blow !

You have sent the flowers to bed ;
Cut the leaves from off the trees ;
From your blast the birds have fled ;
Now you do what you may please.
Yes ; but by and by
Spring will come, we know.
Spread your clouds, then, wide and high,
And blow, wind, blow.

—*Eudora S. Bumstead, in St. Nicholas for December.*

A Poem without an E.

John Knox was a wight of wondrous might,
And his words ran high and shrill,
For bold and stout was his spirit bright,
And strong was his stalwart will.
Kings sought in vain his mind to chain,
And that giant brain to control,
But naught on plain or stormy main
Could daunt that mighty soul.

John would sit and sigh till morning cold
Its shining lamps put out,
For thoughts untold on his mind laid hold,
And brought but pain and doubt.
But light at last on his soul was cast,
Away sank pain and sorrow,
His soul is gay in a fair to-day,
And looks for a bright to-morrow.

Learn a Little Every Day.

Little rills make wider streamlets,
Streamlets swell the rivers' flow ;
Rivers join the mountain billows,
Onward, onward as they go !
Life is made of smallest fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work and play ;
So we may with greatest profit,
Learn a little every day.

Tiny seeds make countless harvests,
Drops of rain compose the showers,
Seconds make the flying minutes,
And the minutes make the hours !
Let us hasten, then, and catch them
As they pass us on the way !
And with honest, true endeavor,
Learn a little every day.

Let us read some striking passage ;
Cull a verse from every page ;
Here a line, and there a sentence,
'Gainst the lonely time of age !

At our work or by the wayside,
While the sunshine's making hay ;
Then we may, by help of study,
Learn a little every day.

Our Daily Reckoning.

If you sit down at set of sun
And count the acts that you have done,
And, counting, find
One self-denying act, one word,
That eased the heart of him that heard,
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then you may count that day well spent.

But, if through all the livelong day
You've cheered no heart by yea or nay ;
If through it all,
You've nothing done that you can trace,
That brought the sunshine to one face ;
No act most small,
That helped some soul, and nothing cost.
Then count that day as worse than lost !

Reminding the Hen.

[Bessie Chandler in St. Nicholas.]

"It's well I ran into the garden,"
Said Eddie, his face all aglow ;
"For what do you think, mamma, happened ?
You never will guess it, I know.

The little brown hen was there clucking ;
‘Cut—cut !’ she’d say, quick as a wink,
Then ‘cut—cut !’ again—only slower—
And then she would stop short and think.
And then she would say it all over—
She *did* look so mad and so vexed—
For, mamma, do you know she’d forgotten
The word that she ought to cluck next.
So I said ‘*ca-dah-cut ! ca-dah-cut !*’
As loud and as strong as I could ;
And she looked ’round at me very thankful—
I tell you it made her feel good !
Then she flapped, and said ‘cut-cut-*ca-dah-cut !*’
She remembered just how it went then ;
But it’s well I ran in the garden—
She might never have clucked right again.”

The Boy for Me.

[For Recitation.]

His cap is old, but his hair is gold,
And his face is as clear as the sky.
And whoever he meets, on lanes or streets,
He looks them straight in the eye,
With a fearless pride that has naught to hide,
Though he bows like a little knight,
Quite debonaire, to a lady fair,
With a smile that is swift as light.

Does his mother call, not a kite or ball,
Or the prettiest game, can stay
His eager feet as he hastens to greet
Whatever she means to say.

And the teachers depend on the little friend
At school in his place at nine,
With his lessons learned and his good marks earned,
All ready to toe the line.

I wonder if you have seen him too,
This boy, who is not too big
For a morning kiss from mother and sis,
Who isn't a bit of a prig,
But gentle and strong, and the whole day long
As happy as happy can be,
A gentleman, dears, in the coming years,
And at present the boy for me !

—*The Fountain.*

Temperance.

Some people laugh and wonder
What little boys can do
To help this temperance thunder
Roll all the big world through ;
I'd have them look behind them
When they were small, and then
I'd just like to remind them
That little boys make men.

The bud becomes a flower,
The acorn grows a tree,
The minutes make the hour—
'Tis just the same with me.
I'm small, but I am growing
As quickly as I can ;
And a temperance boy like me is found
To make a temp'rance man.

—*Little Poems.*

A Quarrel.

There's a knowing little proverb,
From the sunny land of Spain ;
But in Northland, as in Southland,
Is its meaning clear and plain.
Lock it up within your heart ;
Neither lose nor lend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel ;
One can always end it.

Try it well in every way,
Still you'll find it true,
In a fight without a foe,
Pray what could you do ?
If the wrath is yours alone,
Soon you will expend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel ;
One can always end it.

Let's suppose that both are wroth,
And the strife begun,
If one voice shall cry for " Peace,"
Soon it will be done.
But if one shall span the breach,
He will quickly mend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel ;
One can always end it.

"It's Nothing to Me."

" It's nothing to me," the mother said ;
" I have no fears that my boy will tread
The downward path of sin and shame,
And crush my heart, and darken his name."

It was something to her when her only son
From the path of right was early won,
And madly cast in the flowing bowl
A ruined body and a shipwrecked soul.

“ It’s nothing to me,” the young man cried ;
In his eyes was a flash of scorn and pride ;
“ I heed not the dreadful things you tell ;
I can rule myself, I know full well.”

’Twas something to him when in prison he lay,
The victim of drink—life ebbing away,
As he thought of his wretched child and wife,
And the mournful wreck of his wasted life.

“ It’s nothing to me,” the voter said ;
‘ The party’s loss is my greatest dread.
Then he gave his vote for the liquor trade,
Though hearts were crushed and drunkards made.

It was something to him in after life,
When his daughter became a drunkard’s wife,
And her hungry children cried for bread,
And trembled to hear their father’s tread.

Advice.

Do thy little, do it well,
Do what right and reason tell;
Do thy little, God has made
Million leaves for forest shade ;
Smallest stars their glory bring,
God employeth everything.
All the little thou hast done,
Little battles thou has won,

Little masteries achieved,
Little wants with care relieved,
Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little favors kindly done,
Little toils thou didst not shun,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne,—
These are treasures that shall rise
Far beyond the smiling skies.

What Small Things May Do.

The smallest crust may save a human life ;
The smallest act may lead to human strife ;
The smallest touch may cause the body pain ;
The smallest spark may fire a field of grain ;
The smallest deed may tell the truly brave ;
The smallest skill may serve a life to save ;
The smallest drop the thirsty may relieve ;
The slightest shock may make a heart to grieve.
Naught is so small that it may not contain
The rose of pleasure or the thorn of pain.

Aspiration.

[By Lucy Agnes Hayes.]

Wrens cannot soar like eagles,
A wren is but a wren ;
Though like to wrens or eagles
Can be the souls of men.

Then, little lads and lasses,
Pray heed the words I sing—
In you a wren is prisoned
Who owns an eagle's wing.

—*Treasure Trove.*

Boy Heroes.

Here's to the boy who has courage to say
"No!" when he's tempted, and turn straight away
From temptation and tempter and do what is right.
Such boys are heroes, who'll win in the fight.

Here's to the boy who is willing to work,
And, if he could, not a duty would shirk ;
Doing his best at his work or his play—
Such boys will do to depend on, I say.

Here's to the boy who's determined to be
Man among men. If he lives, you'll see,
Sooner or later he conquers the hill,
Winning his way by his courage and will.

Here's to the boys who will dare and will do,
Truthful and trusty, and steadfastly true ;
Boys who aim high, and are striving to make
Men of themselves for true manhood's sake.

A Toast.

"The great public schools,
May their influence spread,
Till statesmen use grammar
And dunces are dead !

Till no one dare say,
 In this land of the free,
 'I done' for 'I did,'
 Or 'it's her' for 'it's she.'"

Good Advice.

The sweetest cherries, mind you, lad,
 Grow highest on the tree;
 And would you win the fairest fruit,
 One thing I'll say to thee:
 It falls not at the clinking gay
 Of any idler's pelf—
 You'll have to climb the rugged tree,
 And gather for yourself.

Der Sphider und der Fly.

[Charles Follen Adams.]

I reads in Yawcob's shtory book,
 A couple veeks ago,
 Von first rade boem, vot I dinks
 Der beoples all should know.
 I'd ask dis goot connundhrum, too,
 Vich ve should profit by:
 Vill you indo mine parlor valk?
 Said de sphider off der fly.

Dot set me dinking righdt away;
 Und vhen von afternoon,
 A shbeculator he cooms in,
 Und dells me pooty soon,

He haf a silfer mine to sell,
Und ask me eef I puy,
I dink off der oxberience
Off dot plue-pottle fly.

Der oder day, vhen on der cars
I vent py Nie Yorck oudt,
I meets a fraulein on der train,
Who dold me, mit a pout,
She likes der Deutscher shentlemens,
Und dells me sit peside her—
I says: "Mine friendt, I vas no fly,
Eef you vas been a sphider."

I vent into der shmoking car,
Where dhey vas blaying boker,
Und also haf somedings dhey calls
Der funny "leedle joker."
Some money id vas shanging hands,
Dhey wanted me to try—
I says: "You vas too brevious ;
I don't vas peen a fly !"

On Central Park a shmardt young man
Says: "Strauss, how vas you peen?
Und take me kindly by the hand,
Und ask off mine Katrine.
He wants to shange a feefty bill,
Und say hees name vas Schneider—
Maybe, berhaps he was all righdt ;
More like he vas a shpider.

Mosd efry day some shvindling chap,
He dries hees leedle game ;
I cuts me out dot shpider biece,
Und poot id in a frame ;

Righdt in mine shtore I hangs id oup,
Und near it, on der shly,
I geeps a glub, to send gwick oudt
Dhose shpiders, "on der fly."

A Little Study in Anatomy.

How many bones in the human face ?
Fourteen when they're all in place.
How many bones in the human head ?
Eight my child, as I've often said.
How many bones in the human ear ?
Four in each, and they help to hear.
How many bones in the human spine ?
Twenty-four, like a climbing vine.
How many bones in the human chest ?
Twenty-four ribs, and two of the rest.
How many bones the shoulders bind ?
Two in each—one before, one behind.
How many bones in the human arm ?
In each arm one ; two in each forearm.
How many bones in the human wrist ?
Eight in each, if none are missed.
How many bones in the palm of the hand ?
Five in each, with many a band.
How many bones in the fingers ten ?
Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend.
How many bones in the human hip ?
One in each ; like a dish they dip.
How many bones in the human thigh ?
One in each, and deep they lie.
How many bones in the human knees ?
One in each, the kneepan, please.

How many bones in the leg from the knee?
Two in each, we can plainly see.
How many bones in the ankle strong?
Seven in each, but none are long.
How many bones in the ball of the foot?
Five in each as the palms are put.
How many bones in the toes, half a score?
Twenty-eight, and there are no more.
And now altogether these many bones wait,
And they count in the body, two hundred and eight.
And then we have the human mouth,
Of upper and under, thirty-two teeth.
And now and then have a bone, I should think,
That forms on a joint or to fill up a chink—
A Sesamoid bone or a Wormian, we call,
And now we may rest, for we've told them all.

The Best Beauty.

I know a little fellow
Whose face is fair to see,
But still there's nothing pleasant
About that face to me.
For he's rude and cross and selfish
If he can't have his own way,
And he's always making trouble,
I've heard his mother say.

I know a little fellow
Whose face is plain to see,
But that we never think of,
So kind and brave is he.

He carries sunshine with him,
And everybody's glad
To hear the cheery whistle
Of the pleasant little lad.

You see it's not the features
That others judge us by,
But what we do, I tell you,
And what you can't deny.
The plainest face has beauty
If it's owner's kind and true,
And that's the kind of beauty,
My girl and boy, for you.

—*Golden Days.*

Recitation for a Small Boy.

To the audience in front :

You think I do not dare to talk
Because I am so little,
But every boy must learn to walk
Before he learns to whittle.

To the audience at the right :

When little Henry Clay was young,
He was afraid and bashful,
But when he learned to use his tongue
He used it very rashful.

To the audience at the left :

When Daniel Webster first began
He could not speak a letter,
But when he grew to be a man,
He did a good deal better.

To teacher or chairman on platform :

So every boy should do his best,

No matter where he stands, sir ;

And now I think I'll take a rest,

And let you clap your hands, sir.

—*Eugene F. Hall.*

The Ambitious Kangaroo.

They held a great meeting a king to select,

And the kangaroo rose in a dignified way,

And said, " I'm the one you should surely elect,

For I can outleap every beast here to-day."

Said the eagle, " How high can you climb toward the sky ?"

Said the nightingale, " Favor us, please, with a song !"

Said the hawk, " Let us measure our powers of eye !"

Said the lion, " Come wrestle, and prove you are strong !"

But the kangaroo said, " It would surely be best,

In our choice of a king, to make leaping the test !"

—*A. R. Wells in St. Nicholas for September.*

George Washington.

[A recitation for five small boys. Let each boy hold in his right hand a card with date, lifting it high during his recitation.]

1732. In seventeen hundred thirty-two

George Washington was born ;

Truth, goodness, skill and glory high,

His whole life did adorn.

1775. In seventeen hundred seventy-five

The chief command he took

Of all the army in the state,

Who ne'er his flag forsook.

1783. In seventeen hundred eighty-three,
Retired to private life ;
He saw his much-loved country free
From battle and from strife.
1789. In seventeen hundred eighty-nine
The country with one voice
Proclaimed him President to shine,
Blessed by the people's choice.
1799. In seventeen hundred ninety-nine
The Nation's tears were shed
To see the Patriot life resign,
And sleep among the dead.
- All.*—As “ first in war and first in peace,”
As patriot, father, friend—
He will be blessed till time shall cease,
And earthly life shall end.

—*Infanta.*

Easter Greeting.

May the glad dawn
Of Easter morn
Bring holy joy to thee !

May the calm eve
Of Easter leave
A peace divine with thee !

May Easter day
To thine heart say,
“ Christ died and rose for thee !”

May Easter night
On thine heart write,
“ O Christ, I live to Thee !”

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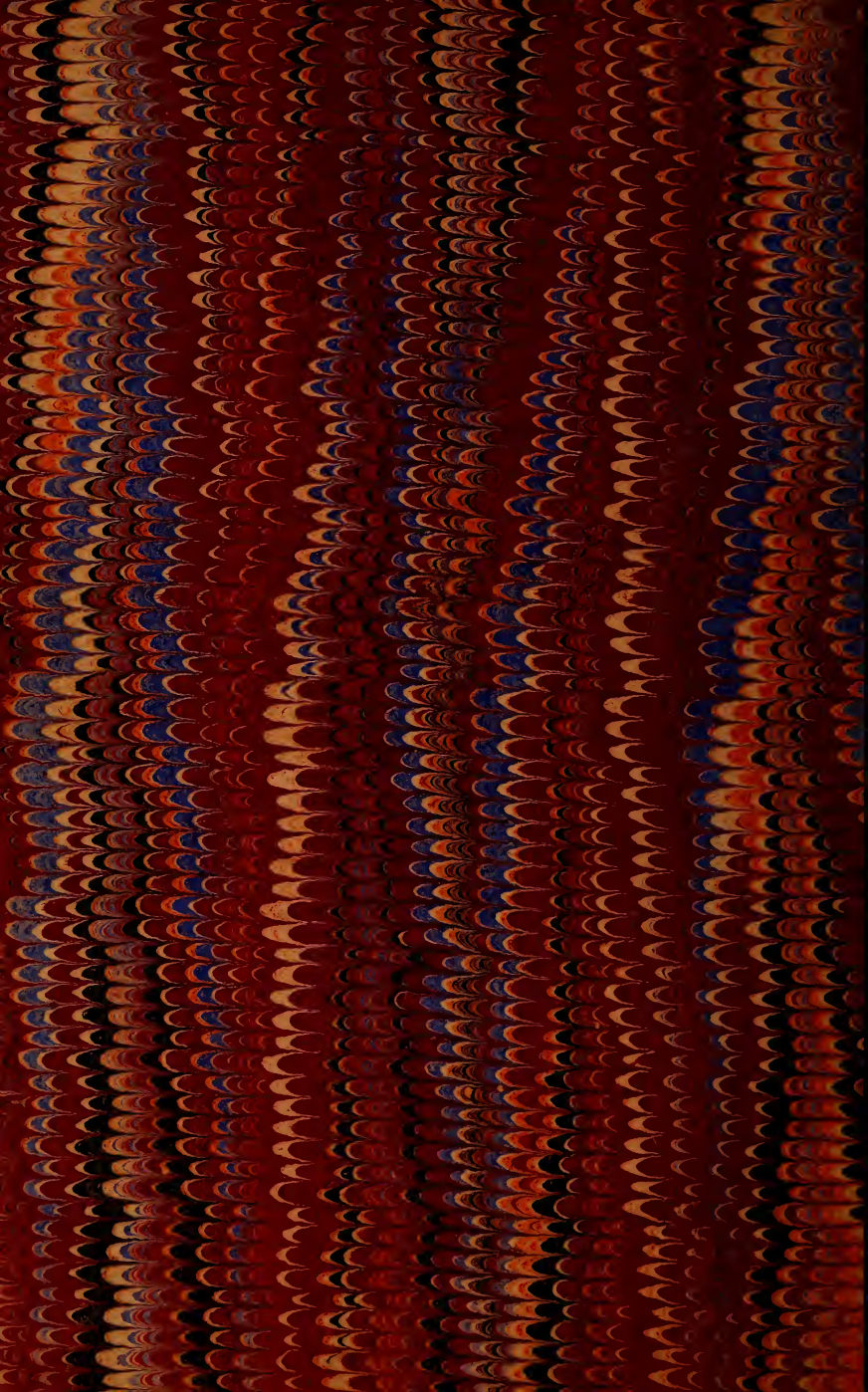






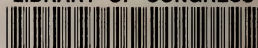








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